
Sports Illustrated
DECEMBER 5, 1960
SURPRISING
SAM
SNEAD



Ernie Klack reveals what a self-respecting Santa wears under his suit: Carter's knitted boxer shorts

Ernie is carrying the banner for all Santas. He insists that Carter's *knitted* boxer shorts be part of the official uniform. Though tradition dictates pillow-plumpness in places, Ernie wants to be trim and comfortable underneath. Hence his nomination of Carter's *knitted* boxers for the Brotherhood of Self-respecting Santas. Mrs. S. (alias Irma Klack) seconds the motion, since these *cotton knits* need no ironing. Santas unite!—under the Klack banner and Carter's label.

Ernie Klack is any guy who wears Carter's knitted boxer shorts and considers it uncivilized (and uncomfortable) to wear any other kind.

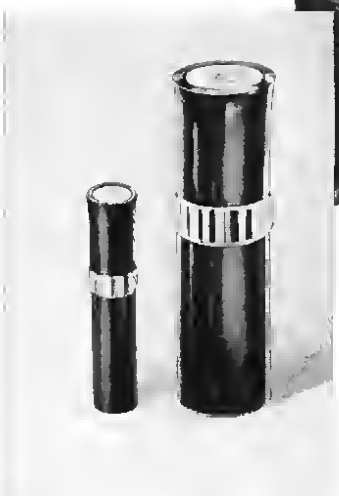
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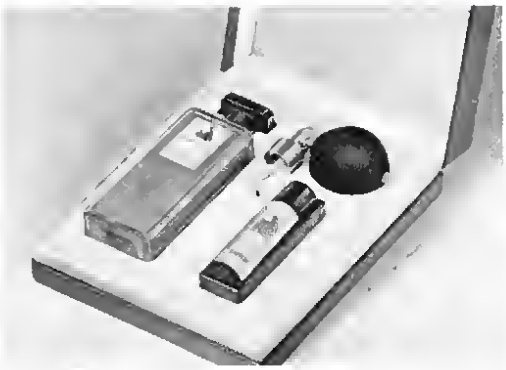
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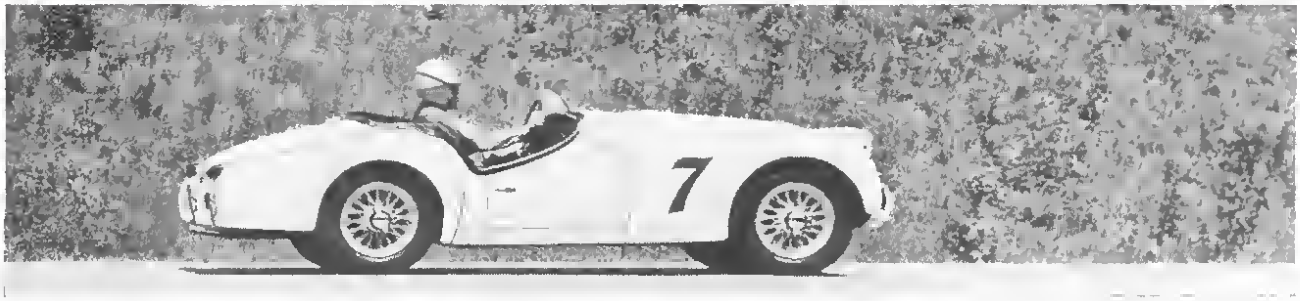


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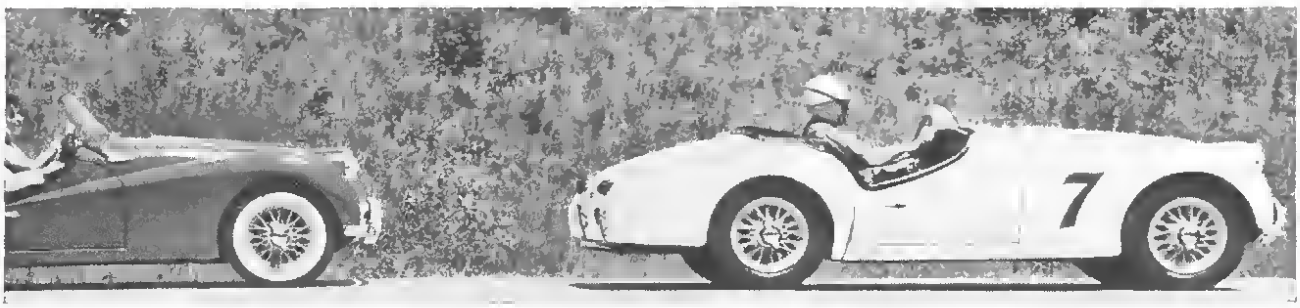
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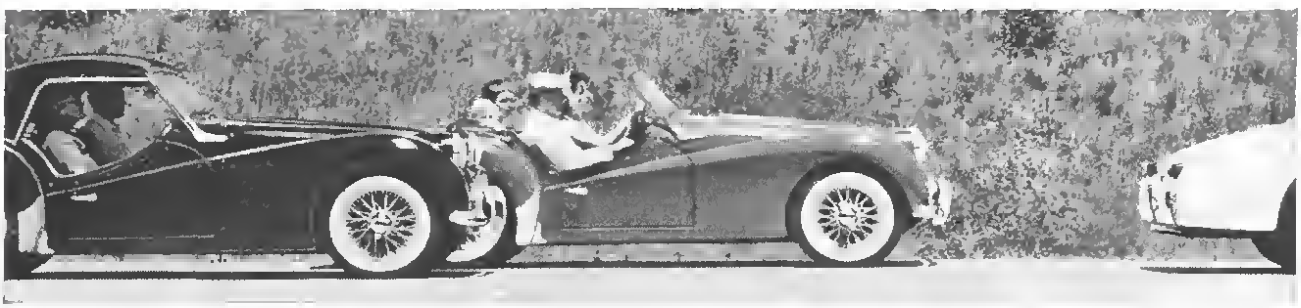
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Next week

The annual Basketball Special Issue salutes a new season with Scouting Reports of 180 major college teams. Coach Ray Meyer describes how De Paul prepares its offense, in six pages of text and drawings. Color photographs capture the excitement of the Dixie Classic tournament. In the same issue, Part II of the Sam Snead story, plus all the news of other sports and all of our regular features.



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MEMO *from the publisher*

EVEN THOSE WHO have not observed it firsthand might suspect that basketball in the Far East is not quite the same as in the country of its birth. One who has not only observed but also done his part to reconcile the difference between East and West is Nat Holman. Among the most lustrous of all players in basketball history and one of its greatest coaches, Holman toured Japan and Korea two years ago for the State Department on a mission of good will and good basketball.



NAT HOLMAN

Now, recently retired after 37 years as coach at College of the City of New York, he's there again, as the emissary of the State Department and the guest of the Amateur Basketball Associations of Japan, Korea and Taiwan. Just before he took off last month, he stopped by the SPORTS ILLUSTRATED offices and recalled some of the differences he had noted on his earlier trip. Some of them he wouldn't mind introducing here.

"The way they cheer in Tokyo," he said. "They yell with their voices and they gesture with their hands. But there's no booing at officials. When a player is taken out, he goes right to the bench, never looks at his coach as if to say, 'Why?' "

The man who has seen that look maybe more often than he cares to remember went on. "And when a player's injured he bows to his applauding audience before he limps off."

But the most important difference Holman found last time while working with Far Eastern high school, college and industrial teams was in their play. "They're short, rugged and fast, like the old Rhode Island Staters in Madison Square Garden. The big weaknesses are defensive."

Which is what brought Nat Holman to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED. He was picking up several portfolios of poster-size enlargements of the instructional article on defense by La Salle's Dudey Moore, which appeared in our College Basketball Preview, December 8, 1958. They're part of the arsenal of movies and charts he is taking on his tour. He'll leave them behind as he moves ahead.

In a way we're sorry Nat Holman didn't start this trip a little later. If he had he would also have taken with him another portfolio, from an article on basketball offense by De Paul's Coach Ray Meyer.

It wasn't ready when he left. But it will be ready for our readers next week when it becomes part of our College Basketball Preview, along with Scouting Reports on 180 major college teams.

Meyer's instructions on basketball offense will see America first. However, since Holman has retired from CCNY but not from basketball, chances are they'll get pretty good circulation in the Orient some time not too far away.

Rodney Jr. James

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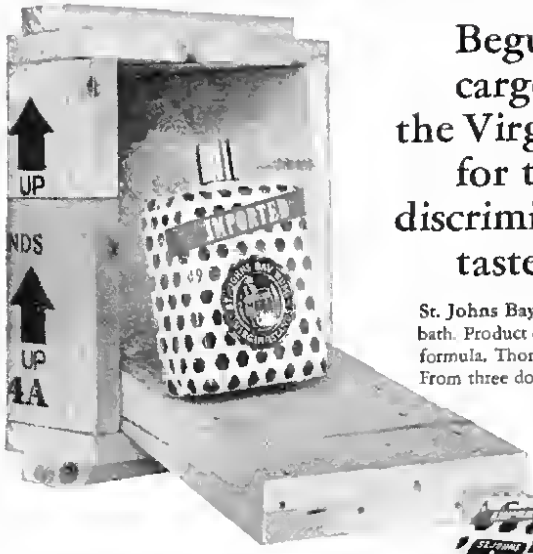
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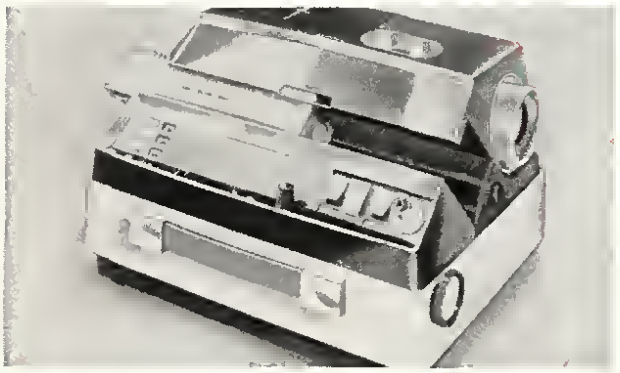
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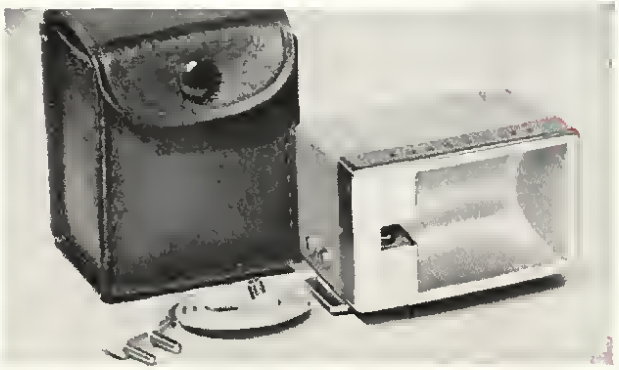
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Events and Discoveries of the Week

THE INSIDE TRACK

• Far Westerners are furious because Minnesota accepted the Rose Bowl bid in fact but insisted it would continue to oppose bowl participation on principle at Big Ten meetings. An official of the group that invited Minnesota says off the record: "I am appalled and shocked at the bad grace. We wanted Minnesota but we didn't expect a left-handed acceptance. It's like saying, 'We'll approve now but please tell those Rose Bowl people not to ask us again.' "

• Kansas may lose the Big Eight title it has just won when the conference meets next week. If Jayhawk Halfback Bert Coan is ruled ineligible (SI, Nov. 28), Kansas will have to forfeit six conference games.

• Mississippi All-America Quarterback Jake Gibbs, drafted by Bud Adams' Houston Oilers, will be given a trial with Houston's prospective major league baseball team as well as with the Oilers and will then decide which sport he prefers.

HOW THEY PLAY THE GAME

In 1984, when Harvard's computers play Yale's computers in the annual Calculus Bowl, and MIT and Cal Tech are the sports giants of the collegiate world, one constant will remain. Little knots of fans will gather and debate the bromide: Is it whether you win or lose that counts, or how you play the game? Even contemporary literature sometimes addresses itself to this perennial question. In John Updike's current bestseller, *Rabbit, Run,* a drunken old coach says, "Give the boys the will to achieve. I've always liked that better than the will to win, for there can be achievement even in defeat."

Indeed there can: witness two events of last week. The University of Virginia ran its consecutive losing streak to 27. The alumni, predictable as Pavlov's dog, demanded the firing of Coach Dick Voris. University President Edgar Shannon replied, Nothing doing, and Voris' three-year contract will be honored. Similarly, President William Friday of the University of North Carolina thumbed his academic nose at alumni who were after the scalp of Coach Jim Hickey. Friday extended Hickey's contract through 1964, despite a Tar Heel record of 3–7.

Does this mean that sanity is returning to campus athletic programs?

Not necessarily. Cornell has just fired George (Lefty) James for not winning. In 25 years on the football staff, 14 as head coach, Lefty James had tried to instill "the will to achieve" in his athletes, had watched with satisfaction as they won four Ivy League titles and compiled an over-all record of 66-58-2. But this year Lefty's backfield went to the hospital almost en masse and the team wound up winning only two games. Goodby Lefty. Said Cornell Athletic Director Robert J. Kane: "He did a good job for Cornell. . . . Cornell is indebted to him for long, faithful and dignified service." Or, in the words of almost any dedicated football alumnus: what had he done for us lately?

TOMORROW THE WORLD

Willie Bouchard of Eagle Lake, Me., is 70 years old, and for most of those years Willie has been a trapper. Last week he found something new in one of his traps on the Nadeau Thoroughfare. It was a ratlike animal midway between a muskrat and a beaver in size. It had long whiskers, coarse outer fur and four great big orange teeth. Willie gave the animal to Game Warden Maynard Pelletier for identification; Pelletier himself had to call in help, and finally the awful truth was out. The big rat was a coypu, or nutria, or swamp beaver, or troublemaker.

Nutrias are hardy, beagle-size animals with only one apparent aim—to take over the world. They used to call Argentina home, but then E. A. McIlhenny, the maker of Tabasco sauce, imported a few pairs to Avery Island, La. He planned to raise nutria for fur.

Unfortunately, McIlhenny's "escape-proof" fences were blown down in the hurricane of 1940, and the nutria took it on the lam. In Louisiana they found almost no natural enemies (a hungry alligator will eat a nutria, but there are very few hungry alligators left in Louisiana) and pleasant conditions for breeding. One pair of nutrias can produce 15 offspring a year, and these in turn produce more. In a mere 20 years, they



shoved mink and muskrat almost completely out of the bayou country; nutrias have migrated to Texas and Alabama and halfway up the Mississippi Valley, eating rice, corn, sugar cane and tree bark.

But no one expected to find them as far away as Maine. Game wardens who set about solving the Willie Bouchard mystery soon found that Maine has its own McIlhenny. A Washburn man had started raising nutrias and some had managed to escape. This may lead to as much trouble on the creeks down East as in the bayous down South. As for the rest of the country—well, it's at least flanked and maybe enveloped.

THE DEFECTORS

There used to be a vaudeville song with the refrain, "Fish don't perspire—hello, hello, hello." However that may be, it is possible that fish are sometimes discontent, environmentally or perhaps even politically. Recently, some odd-looking salmon appeared along the northern shores of Scotland and Norway. They were pinker and blunter than they should have been. Investigation proved that

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CHRONOMASTER
BY CROTON NIVADA GRENCHEN

they were hatched from eggs which the Russians had picked up in the Pacific and planted in the cold water near Murmansk. Apparently seeking sanctuary, the salmon swam south and west toward the warmer water of democracy. They are of the species *Oncorhyncus gorbuscha*, akin to the quinnat or king salmon, and they are of course welcome in the free world.

CODDLING THE BOYS

In case you have gone through life wondering what star athletes eat, and how, here is a memo distributed to hotel dining room staffers by Baltimore Colts Coach Weeb Ewbank:

"Please serve beef bouillon to all persons eating the pregame breakfast. Also French, Roquefort and Russian dressing is to be available on each table, along with toast, butter, honey and pitchers of coffee. No milk is to be served at the pregame meal.

"No one is to be served the lettuce salad or the baked potato, since a number of the boys do not want either. Therefore, please place on a separate table 15 baked potatoes and 30 lettuce salads—and those who desire either may help themselves.

"Please place the steaks on the respective tables promptly at 9 a.m., making sure that the well-done meat is really well-done and will not have to be returned to the kitchen for additional cooking. If it is necessary for you to hire more help to get this meal out on time, then please do so—at our expense."

A HORSE'S LIFE

The recent death of Bally Ache, winner of the Preakness, 15 other races and $758,522, gave sports page readers an intriguing glimpse of a little-known facet of horse racing. Bally Ache, it developed, had been insured for $1 million. The policy was carried by the Animal Insurance Company of America, which listed assets of $368,605 as of Dec. 31, 1959. This, however, is only the beginning. The Animal Insurance Co. hangs onto only 10% of what it underwrites, reinsuring the other 90% (laying it off, so to speak) with Lloyd's of London. That hoary institution, which is itself a conglomeration of more than 1,000 underwriting syndicates, handles a great deal of horse insurance, spreading the risk around among its many members.

The amount for which a horse may be insured is determined strictly by Lloyd's, and Lloyd's thinks of everything. If a horse runs in a claiming race, the insurance automatically is reduced to the amount for which the animal may be claimed. Policies vary, but most indemnify against loss through natural causes, accidents, inoculations and humane destruction on advice of a veterinarian. If a horse dies after an operation not approved by Lloyd's veterinarians, there is often no payoff. Premiums run between 3 3/4% and 6% of the policy's face value.

An estimated 25% of U.S. race horses are insured, several for a half million each. Nasrullah, sire of Nashua, Bold Ruler and Never Say Die, dropped dead in his paddock last year and brought a $600,000 payoff, the record till Bally Ache.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

• Britain's Dr. Barbara Moore, the marathon walker who plodded across the U.S. last summer, went before an English court to have her house assessment reduced. The reason: there is no public transportation between her house and the towns of Frimley and Camberley, two miles away, and Babs doesn't feel like walking. She won the case and her assessment was cut by £5.

• San Francisco Coach Red Hickey, displeased with the 49ers' 4–4 record, revealed a lineup change in the backfield: "We'll give C.R. a chance with J.D., R.C. and Y.A." The new lineup: C. R. Roberts, J. D. Smith, R. C. Owens and Y. A. Tittle.

• Ernie Broglio, the Cardinals' 21-game winner, has a winter job in California, loading beer cases. "The brand isn't Budweiser," confided Ernie, "so I wish you wouldn't mention it. Mr. Busch might get sore."

• Murray Warmath, Minnesota football coach who last year was hanged in effigy and this year has been idolized (SI, Nov. 14), received this letter from a fan: "Mr. Warmath, you are a great coach and your team has come a long way. You're a helluva lot better than the coach we had last year."

• Earle B. Mayfield of Tyler, Texas, one of the winners in a national letter-writing contest ("25 words or less . . ."), is not sure what he'll do with his prizes: a basketball, a football, a baseball, a handball and a skin-diving rig. He is 79.

FACES IN THE CROWD



DALE MILLS, halfback for Northeast Missouri State College, carried ball 31 times for 154 yards and 13 points against Bradley to set national small-college record for three-year rushing (4,078 yards) and national record for four-year scoring (407 points).



DR. FRANK HIBBEN, ardent big game hunter and anthropology professor at U. of New Mexico on State Department tour, roved rolling country near Zambezi River in Mozambique for three days, shot male kudu with world record horn spread of 67½ inches.



GEORGE SHOLTY, 28, Detroit harness driver who weighs a jockey-like 108, steered his first four horses to victory (for payoffs of $15.40, $9.70, $9.30 and $12.50), missed on fifth when the horse broke stride in the stretch; at Yonkers (N.Y.) Raceway.



BILL FORHAN, Greensboro (N.C.) Generals' center from Newmarket, Ontario, member of 1959 Canadian team that toured Russia, banged in four goals and registered two assists against Philadelphia for top performance of Eastern Hockey League season.



TOMMY MASON, senior halfback at Tulane, scored two TDs against Vanderbilt to set school scoring record (72 points), then went downtown to Nashville's Grand Ole Opry, was called on stage, regaled hillbilly audience with choruses of *Cocaine Blues*.



PETE WARD, outfielder in Baltimore chain, keeps Arizona winter league average around .350 despite old-style bat grip: right (lower) hand choked two inches and left hand seven inches above that. Explains Ward: "I can wait longer and still whip the bat around."



FREE FOLDER Dept F-39, Keystone Camera Co., Inc., Boston 24, Mass. Prices Slightly Higher in Canada © 1960



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EDITORIALS

IVY LEAGUE ANACHRONISMS

To practice in the spring or not to practice in the spring? That is a question that has botbered the de-emphasizers of football for more than a decade. For a brief period after World War II the Pacific Coast Conference abandoned spring practice and then thought better of it, particularly with the Big Ten beating its teams regularly in the Rose Bowl. When the Ivy League was formalized in 1954 all eight of its members agreed to stop practicing in the spring.

This restriction on football—although not comparable with the radical experiment in de-emphasis conducted at Johns Hopkins, as reported on page 32—did help to bring the game into line as an undergraduate sport at a time when it was being used elsewhere as an institutional ad for various universities. But, as the unbeaten and untied Yale team of 1960 has now proved, it is possible for the Ivies to play the best kind of football in a de-emphasized atmospbere.

Does this also prove that spring practice is bad and should be abolished everywhere? Not at all. It is in the spring that varsity football players master the basic fundamentals so essential to this rough game. During the brief hours of practice available in the fall there just isn't time for the coaches to teach blocking and tackling and also drill the players in the intricacies of the offensive and defensive formations to be used from week to week. Without spring practice Coach Jordan Olivar of Yale had to suffer through one disastrous season and one mediocre season with most of this year's brilliant first-stringers in order to prepare them for their recent triumphs.

Were it not for the opposition of President A. Whitney Griswold of Yale, who tolerates football witb only slightly concealed hostility, it is almost a sure thing that the Ivy League could agree to noncompulsory football practice in the spring and thus have a much better season in the fall—with fewer injuries to players and a higher level of performance among all eight universities.

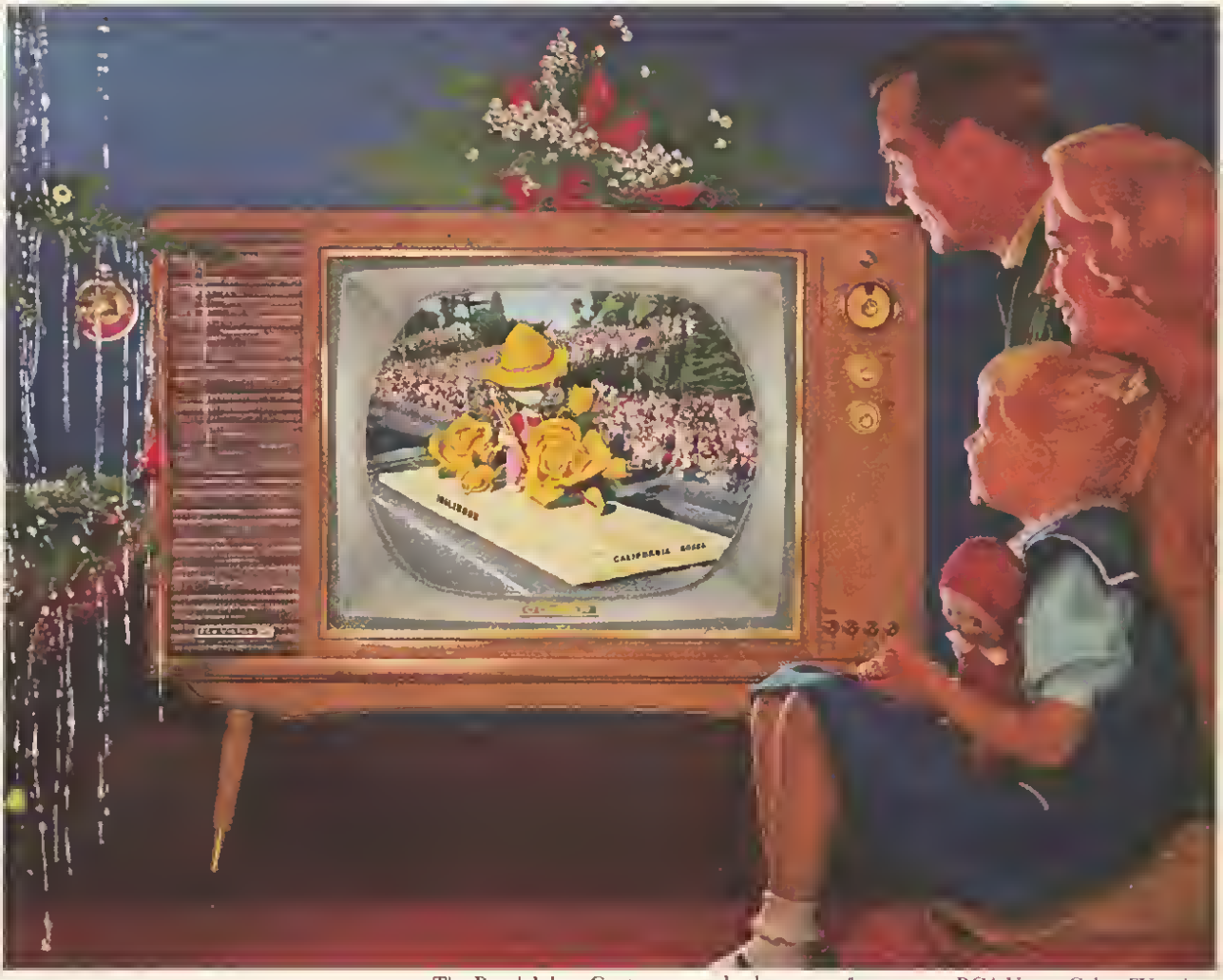
And that brings up another superfluous restriction on football. Along with its ban on bowl appearances (which makes sense for the Ivy League since only a few of its players would want to give up their holidays for a bowl trip), the league forbids any of its senior players to take part as individuals in postseason games. That means they can't play in the Sbrine East-West Game in San Francisco, an experience some men consider to be their greatest in college football. A good many Ivy Leaguers played in the Shrine game prior to 1954 without noticeable contamination.

Now that Yale has proved it can field one of the country's best collegiate football teams without overemphasizing, it is time for President Griswold and his fellow executives in the Ivy colleges to reconsider the bans on spring practice and postseason individual play. Tbis would be a graceful moment to drop these archaic circumscriptions against Ivy football players.

HEADS, NOT HEADLINES

Fixes and rumors of fixes, clandestine deals and infiltration by mobsters have characterized boxing ever since it became big business in the '20s. But there are reasons to believe that public skepticism about the wholesomeness of tbe sport has never been deeper than it is today. Next week Senator Estes Kefauver and his subcommittee start their hearings in Washington, and it is our hope that as a result some heads will roll. The No. 1 boxing monopoly has been ended by the recent surrender of Jim Norris (SI, Oct. 10), but the game still has plenty of unsavory characters and dark corners. The main thing the investigation must do is give the public confidence that boxing is off to a fresh start. We trust that the inquiring politicians will be after lasting results, not quick headlines.

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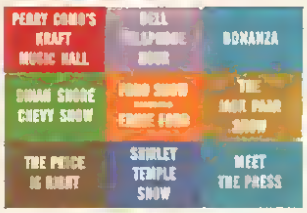
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COMING EVENTS

December 2 to December 8
All times are E S T.

★ *Color television* ◉ *Television* ■ *Network radio*

Friday, December 2

BASKETBALL (pro)
Los Angeles at Boston.
St. Louis at New York

FOOTBALL (college)
Air Force at Miami (N)

Saturday, December 3

BASKETBALL (college)
Utah State vs. NYU at Mad. Sq. Garden, New York.
(pro)
◉ New York at Syracuse, 2 p.m. (NBC).
St. Louis at Philadelphia.

BOXING
◉ Fullmer vs. Robinson, NBA middle title bout, 15 rds., Los Angeles, 10 p.m. (ABC).

FOOTBALL (college)
◉ Duke at UCLA, 4:15 p.m. (ABC).
Virginia at South Carolina.

HOCKEY
Boston at Montreal
New York at Toronto.

HORSE RACING
The Gallorette, $15,000 added, Pimlico, Md.

Sunday, December 4

BASKETBALL (pro)
Boston at Los Angeles
Detroit vs. Cincinnati at Indianapolis.

FOOTBALL (pro)
Boston at Buffalo
◉■ Dallas at New York (CBS).*
◉■ Detroit at Baltimore (CBS-TV, NBC-TV, Mutual-radio) *
◉ Green Bay at Chicago (CBS) *
◉ Houston at Dallas Texans (ABC) *
◉ Los Angeles Chargers at Oakland (ABC).*
◉ New York Titans at Denver (ABC).*
◉ Philadelphia at St. Louis (CBS).*
◉ San Francisco at Los Angeles (CBS) *
◉ Washington at Cleveland (CBS, Sports Network) *

HOCKEY
Montreal at Chicago.
New York at Detroit.
Toronto at Boston.

Monday, December 5

BASKETBALL (college)
Indiana at Kansas State.
LSU at North Carolina.
St. Louis at Ohio State.
(pro)
Boston at Los Angeles

BOWLING
◉ Jackpot Bowling, Lang vs. Lown, Hollywood, Calif., 10:30 p.m. (NBC).

GOLF
U.S. National Senior Open, Palm Springs, Calif. (through Dec. 11).

Tuesday, Dec. 6

BASKETBALL (college)
Memphis State at Baylor.
Temple at Princeton
(pro)
Detroit at St. Louis
Philadelphia vs. Syracuse, New York vs. Cincinnati at New York.

Wednesday, December 7

BASKETBALL (pro)
Los Angeles at Cincinnati.
St. Louis at Detroit.
Syracuse at Boston.

HOCKEY
Detroit at New York.
Montreal at Toronto.

Thursday, December 8

BASKETBALL (pro)
Cincinnati vs. Boston, Philadelphia vs. New York at Philadelphia.

GOLF
Coral Gables Open, $20,000, Coral Gables, Fla. (through Dec. 11).

HOCKEY
Chicago at Boston.

TENNIS
Davis Cup interzone final, U.S. vs. Italy, Perth, Australia (through Dec. 10)
USLTA Hard Court Champs., La Jolla, Calif. (through Dec. 11).

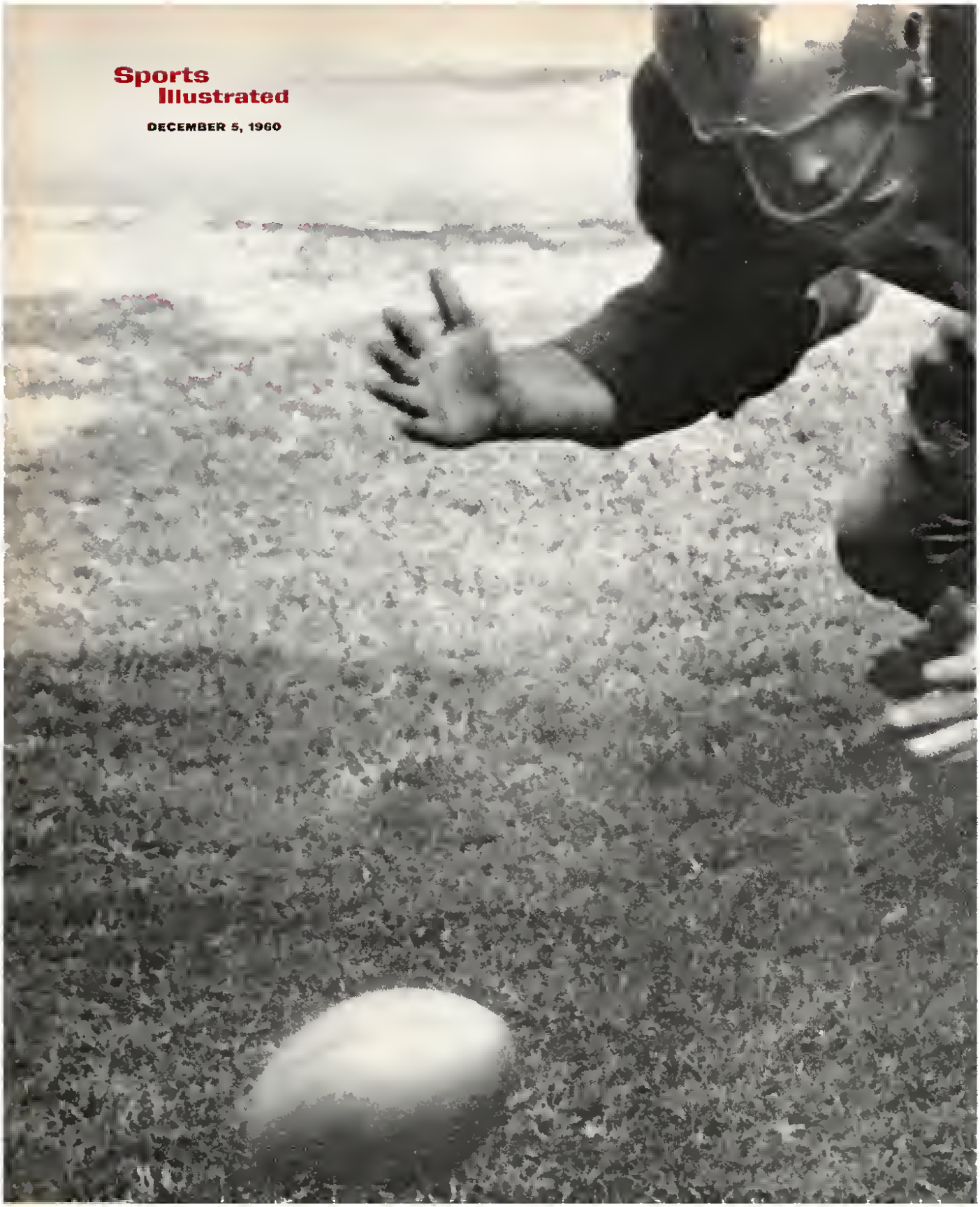
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Sports Illustrated
DECEMBER 5, 1960



EAGLE TACKLE J. D. SMITH (76) BEATS JIM PATTON (20) TO FUMBLE BEHIND GIANT GOAL, GIVES

THEN THE EAGLE



PHILADELPHIA ANOTHER TOUCHDOWN OVER NEW YORK

Photograph by Hy Peskin

SWOOPED

Philadelphia, responding to a wave of good fortune, is closing in on its first championship in 11 years. For the story of how the breaks were made, turn the page

DECISION IN THE EAST

by TEX MAULE

CHAMPIONSHIPS were as available as a fumble in the East and in the West last week, the sure-handed, resourceful Philadelphia Eagles picked off the title in the National Football League's Eastern Division, but a bumbling Baltimore team may have blown its chance for a third straight championship in the West.

The two big games—Philadelphia versus New York (31-23) before 60,000-odd hysterical fans in Franklin Field and Baltimore versus San Francisco (22-30) at Baltimore—were curiously similar. The old champs—Giants and Colts—fell victim to the same misfortune: interceptions and a new quirk in the adversary's offense.

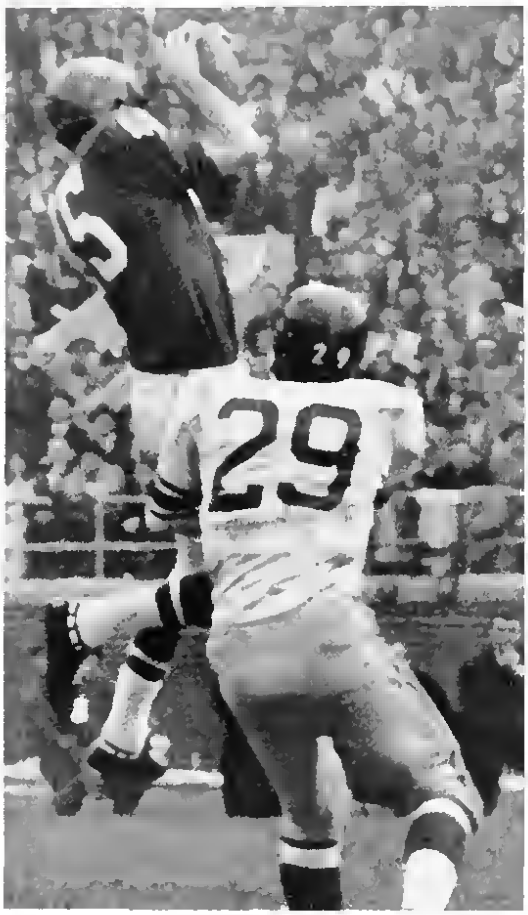
Baltimore's quarterbacking nonpareil, John Unitas, had five passes intercepted by the young, quick and fired-up San Francisco secondary; New York's not-quite-nonpareil George Shaw had four of his passes intercepted by the somewhat middle-aged, quick and, also, fired-up Eagle secondary. When it was all over, Baltimore held precariously to a half-game lead in the West, with four teams within close tackling distance of the division title. The Eagles had only the Giants and the Browns left to worry about—and they could erase that anxiety with a victory in any one of their next three games.

The Eagles are a team built rather simply upon the extraordinary ability of one man—their pudgy, stubborn, imperturbable quarterback, Norman Van Brocklin. They started quite inauspiciously against the Giants last Sunday as, indeed, they had the Sunday before. On the first play of the game George Shaw hit Kyle Rote for a 71-yard touchdown pass; the swelling, continuing roar of the big home crowd may have helped that play. Tom Brookshier, the Eagle wingback assigned to cover Rote short, told Bobby Freeman to pick up Rote deep. But Freeman did not hear him in the uproar. Rote, with no one covering him, took Shaw's pass all alone and maintained that happy state until he had scored.

The Giants scored twice more in the first quarter before the Eagle defenders had gathered their addled resources. By then, almost the only calm man in Franklin Field was Van Brocklin, who can be calm indeed.

He fiddled around irritably with the Giant defenses for a while, encountering an effective variation designed to cut off the quick passes he had thrown so successfully to Bobby Walston and Tommy McDonald in the game a week before. Then the Eagle defenders intercepted two of Shaw's passes. Van Brocklin converted one of the interceptions into a field goal and the other into a touchdown. The touchdown came on a pass to rookie Fullback Ted Dean. It was called off a fake trap play up the middle, and it was the same play, put in especially for the Giants, the Dutchman had used the week before for a 19-yard gain (SI, Nov. 28).

On the first play of the fourth period last Sunday, he used the play again, and it went for 49 yards and the touchdown which put the Eagles ahead to stay. Designed by Charley Gauer, one of the Eagle assistant coaches, the play is a variant of another used often several years ago. It is called a play number pass—a pass which develops from what is ostensibly a run, with aggressive line blocking such as is generally used on runs. ("That's the best play any one threw at us all year," the fine Giant linebacker, Sam Huff, said after the game. "I never saw Dean. Hell, one time I tackled Barnes.") To the defense it looks like a trap play with Barnes carrying the ball. Actually it is a pass to Dean, who seeps through the defensive line into the gap left in the secondary by the middle linebacker and the wingbacks hurrying up to stop the trap run.



ALERT EAGLE Defender Don Burroughs picks off a New York pass stops a drive.

Two touchdowns

Twice it accounted for Philadelphia touchdowns. A third was scored on a similar play, with Van Brocklin throwing to Halfback Billy Barnes. The fourth, actually, pointed up the difference in these two teams. It was scored after a Barnes fumble on the Giant three, the ball popping crazily out of his arms when he was hit hard by Huff, then bouncing oddly in the end zone with three Giants and one Eagle in pursuit. The Eagle was J. D Smith, a large, somewhat ungainly tackle who overcame his few shortcomings and recovered the ball for the score.

It may be that this unlikely touchdown typifies this Eagle team, which, if it can win one more ball game, will play for the professional championship. It is not as sound a team as most of the other champions of the past. It reflects very strongly the personality of Van Brocklin—stubborn, ingenious, opportunistic, unruffled. The team does not have a truly strong running attack, and it is a tribute to Van Brocklin's audacity that his minuscule running threat suffices for the fakes which set up the passing game.

The passing is superb. McDonald and Pete Retzlaff and Walston are accomplished, determined and talented receivers, and Van Brocklin gets

excellent protection for his throwing from the Eagle offensive line. This same line, however, does not distinguish itself blocking for the runners. The defense, flawed here and there by rookies, acquits itself nobly when it remembers the words of wisdom proffered by Jerry Williams, a very good defensive coach. That is most of the time, but it can fail grievously now and then. All in all, the Eagles are an exciting team, stabilized by Van Brocklin on offense and by old, bold and cold Chuck Bednarik on defense.

A titillating sidelight to this game was the possibility that Bednarik, the Eagle linebacker and offensive center, might be left for dead by one or another of the Giant team in revenge for Bednarik's chilling tackle of Frank Gifford two weeks ago. Bednarik, hitting Gifford with a blind side tackle late in the game, left the Giant halfback cold as snow. The Philadelphian danced a happy, heathen victory jig after Gifford's fumble had been recovered by the Eagles, thus insuring their victory. His histrionics were misconstrued in some quarters as unseemly joy over the mayhem he had committed on the prostrate Gifford.

"I got lots of letters," Bednarik said before last Sunday's game. "All good except for one from a lady in Texas. Then I got lots of telephone calls including one at 2:30 in the morning from some woman hollering at me. I disconnected the phone. I sent Gifford some fruit in the hospital, and I wrote him a three-page letter. It was a good tackle."

No revenge

The Giants did not try to avenge their fallen teammate. "They were rough and mean," Bednarik said after the game. "Like always. But not dirty." Once, on a punt, Sam Huff unjointed Bednarik with a whistling blind side block.

"It musta hurt," Huff said. "But he didn't holler. He got up and said, 'Careful, Sam. You keep blocking me like that, and they'll think you're picking on me.'"

Bednarik is a very youthful 35-year-old who is to the Eagle defense what Van Brocklin is to the offense. He has a nose which strays haphazardly over a face handsome in spite of that, and he is the very model of a modern major general when defending. In this game, as in the previous one, he played on offense as well as defense—an almost impossible task even for a young man—and thus pointed up the thin resources of the Eagle team. He left the game at last in the fourth period, walking slowly and with fatigue showing in every line of his slumped, strong body. The big, noisy crowd gave him its noisiest accolade of the day.

The Eagles can, very likely, beat any one of the teams in the West which still have a chance to win the Western Division title. First of these, of course, is Baltimore. The Colts found a double-wing offense installed for last week's occasion by the San Francisco 49ers a problem that could not be solved readily. The double wing stationed John Brodie, the San Francisco quarterback, in a tailback spot where he took a direct snap from center, thus gaining 1) some two or three seconds' additional time against the fearsome charge of the Colt line and 2) reasonable peace of mind in which to pass.

The formation is not that new: "That's not what beat us," Colt Coach Weeb Ewbank said later. "We have it in our play book. It was our

continued on page 77

HAPPY EAGLES AFTER GAME ARE (LEFT TO RIGHT) BILL BARNES, CHUCK BEDNARIK, COACH BUCK SHAW, VAN BROCKLIN, TED DEAN



by MARTIN KANE

BOOM! GO THE BILLIKENS

And boom! goes soccer, favorite sport of most of the rest of the world. More than 300 U.S. colleges—the number has tripled in 15 years—play it now, but St. Louis University excitingly proves it is still champ

THE fastest-growing college sport in America is soccer, which is also the world's favorite team game, and the best U.S. college soccer team is St. Louis University. St. Louis proved it last weekend on the Brooklyn (N.Y.) College field by winning the National Collegiate Athletic Association championship with a deft-footed show of speed and virtuosity against a hustling University of Maryland eleven. The score: 3–2, a margin that just about rated the teams.

The St. Louis Billikens, winners of 13 straight after an opening loss to Fairleigh-Dickinson, excelled at short passing. The Maryland Terrapins excelled in a most unreptilian dash and drive. The contrast in styles resulted in a game so engrossing that some spectators loudly resented the distracting comments of an enthusiastic announcer, who was restrained from hailing the beauty of the play only

ST. LOUIS AND MARYLAND TEAMS PLAYED HIGH-GRADE SOCCER IN THE TITLE GAME, SHOWING FINE FORM IN CONTROLLING





Photographs by Farrell Grehan

by a breakdown in the public address system.

To get into the finals, St. Louis had, on the previous day, defeated the unbeaten West Chester (Pa.) State team 2–1, and Maryland had knocked out the University of Connecticut 4–0. As might have been expected in a game which is the sport of so many nations, two foreign-born players were among the outstanding men on the field. Gerry Balassi, Italian-born and season's high scorer for St. Louis, starred at outside right and scored one of his team's goals. Juan Carlos Martin, a native of Argentina, dominated play from the Maryland center-forward position and opened the scoring early in the first quarter. But there was also some very superior work by St. Louis's swift Don Range and Bob Malone in the forward line, with Range accounting for two of his team's goals. Cliff Krug, the inside right who had made three of Maryland's four goals against Connecticut, scored another against St. Louis.

Maryland scored first on a superb shot by the dexterous Martin who seemed to have four feet to apply to the ball whenever it came near him. Martin was flat on his back in front of the St. Louis goal when a defending halfback miskicked the ball within range of his flailing feet. Still supine, Martin back-kicked past Mike Quinn, the St. Louis substitute goalie. (Quinn replaced the regular goal tender, Bill Mueller, who was injured in the semifinals. Only a sophomore, he proved himself with a total of 14 saves in the game, some of them made with the low sun squarely in his eyes.) Another St. Louis casualty of the semifinals was their fine outside left, Tom McDonnell.

Minutes after Martin's goal, Range tied the score on a penalty kick—Maryland had been caught handing the ball—and the Terrapins never could get ahead again, though they were frequently in front of the St. Louis goal.

continued

THE BALL (LEFT), SPIRITED COMPETITION IN MIDFIELD MANEUVERS (CENTER), SPECTACULAR HEADS-UP JUMPING (RIGHT)





St. Louis closed the quarter leading by one point after Balassi drove a 37-yard shot past Goalie Ronnie Williamson.

Midway through the second quarter a screaming bot pass from Co-Captain John Klein, St. Louis right halfback, found Range speeding in to a point directly in front of the Maryland net and, though he did not even seem to pause, Range's foot deflected the ball past Williamson.

The score 3–1 against them, the Marylanders opened the second half with the élan of an oldtime cavalry charge. St. Louis met it with a firm defense. The quarter was all but over, however, before the Terrapins had a chance to score. Given a corner kick, a mass of Maryland players attacked, but Goalie Quinn slapped the ball into the air. He fell immediately, and with the goalie grounded, Maryland's Krug leaped high, took the ball on his head and bunted it in.

ST. LOUIS OUTLEAPED MARYLAND . . .



That was the last score by either side though it did seem to a tense, nail-biting crowd that there were times in the fourth quarter when Maryland would certainly tie. It was in this quarter that Quinn, admittedly with fine support from teammates, made save after save.

There was, for instance, a frantic scramble late in the period when the Marylanders and St. Louisans, grouped in front of the Billikens' net, kept the ball flying back and forth with a succession of finely played head shots, at least a dozen of them in rapid, continuous fire. And there was a corner kick opportunity in the closing moments that came to nothing when the whistle blew.

In winning the title, St. Louis declared its supremacy for the second successive year over the more than 300 college soccer teams in the U.S., a number that testifies to the fact that college soccer is rising like bread dough in a hot kitchen. That 300 is about triple the number of college teams in the U.S. soon after World War II.

Recently the almost exclusive property of ethnic clubs in the U.S., and known in other countries by such names as football, futbol and calcio, it was the original sport from which our special brand of football evolved.



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High and prep schools also have taken up soccer at a proportionate rate, some of them at the expense of regular football. Many schools have dropped football because it is so costly to outfit a squad, and because the frequency of injury to the skeletally undeveloped teen-age stripling appalls much more than the quality of the high school game appeals. Besides, there is a special attraction in the fact that soccer is a team sport at which the physically average in weight and stature can excel, provided they develop the requisite stamina and skills. Body checking is strictly regulated. There is no particular premium on beef or height, factors that dull the rest of the world's appreciation for our football and basketball.

Today more and more physical education schools around the country are urging that future coaches be competent to teach soccer as well as other sports. It is possible to predict that more and more of these coaches will seek an outlet for their soccer education in the secondary schools, and that graduates of these schools and teams will seek out colleges that give them a chance to win a letter—even a minor letter—at their sport. Some colleges that now field soccer teams on a club basis, unrecognized by the athletic departments, appear to be on the verge of giving in and recognizing the game as a letter sport.

It is no presumption, therefore, to hold that more and more soccer will be seen in American colleges during the next few years. There is even ground for hope that it may some day be a major sport, though by no means soon. A major sport must have a major following in the stands and there were only 1,000 spectators at the NCAA finals. True, it was the afternoon of the Army-Navy football game, available on television. And the finals were held in Brooklyn College, which is in Flatbush, which is out where the subway ends.

Soccer isn't nearly that far out any more. **END**

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by Robt. Burns



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A DOUBLE DOUBLE FOR ALLEN

by GWILYM BROWN

Allen Lawrence won both the NCAA and AAU cross-country titles for the second year in a row

ALLEN LAWRENCE is a runner who insists that his track ambitions were extinguished by a dismal showing at the Olympic Games. Now, Allen Lawrence says, he is merely "going through the actions" to complete the obligations of his college athletic scholarship. For an extinguished trackman, the tidy little Australian with the immaculate stride did some pretty magnificent running last week. At East Lansing, Mich. the 28-year-old University of Houston junior carried off the National Collegiate cross-country championship for the second consecutive year. Then three days later in Louisville he won the National AAU title for the second straight time. It was the first time anyone had ever captured both titles two years in a row. He also led his four Houston running mates (two fellow Australians, one Pole and one Scot) to both team titles. It wasn't the first time a cross-country team had won both championships in the same year—Michigan State did it in 1948—but it was the first all-foreign team to do it. With an average age of 26, it was certainly the oldest team to do it.

The year between cross-country championships had been a hectic one for Lawrence. It began gloriously during the winter board season with world indoor records for two and three miles (SI, Feb. 29). It continued gloriously through the spring when he ran a solo 10,000-meter race in a U.S. record 29:36.4 (SI, March 14) as part of an effort to convince Australian Olympic selectors that he should be named to the Australian Olympic team (he *was*). It ended on a note of shocking and bitter disappointment during the Summer Olympics in Rome. There he failed to make the 5,000-meter final, failed to finish in the 10,000 meters and had to walk the last two miles of the marathon.

"There was never anything I could put my finger on," said Lawrence, referring to his Olympic failures. "I was able to run about 140 miles a week in training for the Games, but I always felt a bit sluggish, a bit tired. I assumed that when I started tapering off a bit just prior to the Games I'd start feeling fresh and eager again. But I never did. When I was eliminated in my 5,000 heat it took the confidence right out of me. I was a beaten man before I even lined up for the start of the 10,000. I've been in this game a long time, and I've taken some terrible thrashings before, but this was the biggest disappointment I've ever felt. It's embarrassing to carry the colors of your country in a race and then do so badly. I had my chance in the Olympics to prove that I was a world-class runner, and I couldn't do it. It's sobered me up. I've finally realized that I'm just not

continued

HEAD THROWN BACK, KNEES KICKING HIGH, HOUSTON'S AL LAWRENCE SPRINTS ACROSS FINISH LINE AT AAU RACE IN LOUISVILLE





MOST OF THE AAU FIELD (RIGHT) WAS STILL GOING THATAWAY AS NORRIS (IN WHITE) AND LAWRENCE HEADED TOWARD FINISH

DOUBLE DOUBLE *continued*

up to those guys. I know I can't be a world-class runner, so I'm satisfied to be just a good college or AAU runner. I've found now that I'm a much better student and that I can start planning my future life. Of course, I still have my own pride and will do just as well as I can in anything I'm in."

Thus sobered, Lawrence returned to the Houston campus this fall and, with the residue of his long summer's training still sticking to him, prepared for the cross-country season. The budget for track at Houston—a budget which includes, among other items, Coach Johnny Morriss' salary and 11 track scholarships—is a skimpy $27,500. Lawrence might have been able to work out a more profitable deal for himself elsewhere, but Houston and Coach Morriss were highly recommended by friends in the U.S. Besides, he wanted to take a radio and TV course (which Houston has) and be able to run in a climate similar to his native Sydney (which Houston has also). The other Australians followed right along. In order to stretch the few dollars available the team travels everywhere in a bright blue 1955 Plymouth station wagon, fitted over the rear seats with a wide innerspring mattress. This rolling hotel room is called the Blue Goose. Into the Blue Goose for last week's trip were squeezed Lawrence, Coach Morriss, John Macy, 30, a Polish refugee who will become an American citizen in March, Barrie Almond, 25, from Sydney, Pat Clohessy, 26, from just north of Sydney, George Rankin, 24, from Edinburgh, and Geoff Walker, a freshman from Australia just along for the ride and the experience.

If the Houston team was cramped and weary after its long trek north in the Blue Goose, this was not at all apparent to its NCAA opponents. Lawrence, his bright red uniform visible from every point on tbe course, broke into the lead at the half-mile point. Macy, 30 yards behind, followed him through the mile in 4:37, the two-mile in 9:38. The few ambitious collegians who tried to stay with tbat rapid pace had trouble even finishing. Lawrence came across the line first, covering the four miles in a course record 19:28.2. Macy was second, 75 yards back. Almond finished eighth, Clohessy 11th. When Rankin trotted across the finish line 37th among those eligible for the team scoring Houston had won its first NCAA team title.

"I'm just not ready for those guys yet," gasped Brown's Bobby Lowe after the race. The East's top runner, Lowe had won the Heptagonal, New England and IC4A titles before coming west to challenge the Houston runners. He had stayed with them for more than a mile but eventually struggled in 23rd. "Their pace was much too fast for me, it wore me out."

Exactly 71 hours later the same red-clad Houston runners were at Bellarmine College in Louisville leaning over the starting line at the National AAU race. Houston as a team faced no real challenge, but Lawrence



Photographs by Hy Peskin

in the individual race would be strongly opposed by U.S. Olympians Max Truex, Deacon Jones, Phil Coleman, teammate John Macy, who had won this race in 1957 and '58 and an unusual little Englishman named Fred Norris. Norris is 5 feet 6, weighs 118 pounds and is 39 years old. He also is a freshman at McNeese State College in Lake Charles, La. Until this fall Norris was a Lancashire, England coal mine maintenance worker and one of Europe's fastest road and cross-country runners. An astonishingly long recruiting arm had drawn Norris from the north of England to the bayou country of southern Louisiana. He emigrated to Lake Charles, where he had been offered a job, and then accepted a scholarship to McNeese. He had already raced against Lawrence in two dual meets, defeating him once. His eyes are widespread and deep-set, and during a race he looks like a running cadaver. Lawrence knew Norris would set an exhaustingly fast pace; his job would be to stay with him.

The cross-country course at Bellarmine winds through a superb natural amphitheater. High, grassy slopes sweep up from the large plain formed by the college's athletic fields where the race begins and ends. After chugging up a steep hill that takes them out of the starting area, the runners disappear behind the college buildings, then appear again on the right, weaving through the hillocks and valleys that compose Bellarmine's small nine-hole golf course.

A crowd of 4,000, unusually large for this lightly attended sport, was on hand. Norris sped away from the pack of 61 runners at the start, and Lawrence doggedly stuck right with him. They raced through the first mile of the 6¼-mile course in just a shade over 4:30, then stayed shoulder to shoulder for the next 4½ miles, pulling farther and farther ahead of the field. Finally they broke out onto the large plain for the final half loop around to the finish line, about 800 yards away. They raced along the far side of the baseball field, onto the cinder track, then around and back toward the crowd packed around the finish. With 150 yards to go, Lawrence suddenly sprinted ahead. Grimacing with the pain of the effort, teeth clenched, his head bobbing frantically, he plunged through the tape to beat Norris by 40 yards in a time of 31:20.8. Houston easily won the team championship with 33 points to the runner-up New York AC's 42.

"I couldn't have run any faster," said runner-up Norris, "and I thought I had him at about four miles when he fell back a yard or so. But he came right back again."

"I couldn't have run any faster," said winner Lawrence, "and if he'd been able to keep up that pace a bit longer he would have beaten me. But he slowed up a little in the last half mile. I had just enough left to win."

Three hours after the race the Blue Goose sat outside a downtown Louisville hotel, overstuffed but ready to fly. Its cargo included one coach, one freshman who ran at Louisville unattached, nine bulging, oversized traveling grips, four wardrobe bags, one innerspring mattress, eight large trophies, 17 medals and five exhausted but content Houston runners. On the curb stood John Gutknecht, a boyish-looking graduate student in zoology at North Carolina. Gutknecht had surprised himself by finishing third in the AAU race and had been surprised to learn that as the first U.S. citizen to finish he had earned a trip to Brazil for a New Year's Eve road race in São Paulo. Now he was in for another surprise.

"My God," he said in astonishment, as the loaded station wagon pulled away. "They're all really going home in that thing. They told me they were, but I thought they were pulling my leg." **END**



CROSS-COUNTRY RUNNERS Clohessy (*left*), Walker, Lawrence, Almond, Rankin dress beside team's station wagon after AAU race. Houston Coach Morriss looks on.



Oof!

There are those who say there is no more foot in football, but Detroit Lions Halfback Bruce Maher will not agree. Early in the Lions-Packer game at Detroit on Thanksgiving Day, he charged in to block Boyd Dowler's punt. The ball bounced out of the end zone for a Lions safety which started Detroit to a 23–10 win. Maher got the boot right in the stomach but he was not seriously hurt.

Photograph by J. R. Kilpatrick —Detroit News





Lullaby of Birdland

Every sunset or so these autumn days a Detroit cement contractor named Tom Nardoni *(right, holding record player)* spins a disc called *Young and Nesting Crows*. Lured by its far-out sound, a vast flock of crows rises from its rookery outside of Essex, Ont. and swarms rapturously toward the gun of Bill Scott. "Their curiosity kills them," chuckles Scott, a Detroit machinery dealer. "I've seen them come in so low they practically sat on the end of the gun barrel. Then bang! and you blow them to hell. But let one get away with his feathers unset and he'll tell his buddies and they won't come at all."



HOW PURE CAN A GAME GET?

Nobody makes a cent on football at Johns Hopkins. Nobody has any fun. Nobody seems to care

by ***JAMES POLING***



WITH unwavering moral rectitude, Johns Hopkins University, of Baltimore, has been fielding a "pure," wholly unsubsidized football team for a full quarter of a century, thereby establishing the least hotly contested intercollegiate athletic record on the books. Material rewards for playing football at Hopkins are so lacking that last year's team had to pay for its letter jackets, even though it won the championships of both the Mason-Dixon and Middle Atlantic (College Division—Southb) conferences.

As long ago as 1935 the school rid its sports program of all athletic scholarships, all player recruiting and all forms of special financial aid to athletes. In 1938 Hopkins went even further and stopped charging admission to its games. It is still the only college in the country whose games are free of charge. Money in sports is so repugnant to Hopkins that when its teams go out of town they pay their own expenses, and visiting teams pay their way when they journey to Baltimore.

The question arises: What has total de-emphasis done to football at Johns Hopkins? Has virtue been its own reward? A stout few say yes. More are doubtful. Most, on sad but undeniable evidence, believe that virtue—as the naughty adage goes—has been its own punishment.

This year Hopkins played better than average small-college football. Last year's team, with a 7-1 record, was the most successful in the school's history. The players are ably coached. They know the game's fundamentals. And they run their basic formation—a modified version of the Tennessee

continued

DEAN SHAFFER, the father of nonsubsidized football, wonders about its future.

The Champagne of Bottle Beer



Illustration by John McCormack

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If the team can be judged by its sensational victory in its 1960 opening game with Franklin and Marshall College, it has the spirit that wins games. With five minutes to go and the score tied 6-6, Hopkins went 87 yards to a touchdown in 15 plays. On the last play of the game, with the ball on the eight-yard line, only three seconds remained on the timekeeper's watch. Tailback Joe Cioni of Hopkins passed to End Al Freeland, who was sandwiched between two Franklin and Marshall men. Freeland tore the ball out of the defenders' hands for the winning touchdown. In the last game of the season Hopkins played gallantly against Western Maryland and lost by one point, 18-17.

On the surface, Hopkins presents a picture of small-college football at its healthy best. But only on the surface. Actually, football at Hopkins is far from healthy. Its teams may perform admirably, but they get only anemic support from their schoolmates.

At the Franklin and Marshall game, for example, out of an undergraduate body of 1,400 only a meager 300 or so students turned out, and many of them were freshmen not yet steeped in the disdain for football that characterizes the Hopkins campus. The rest of the crowd of perhaps 2,500 seemed to be made up of the students' girls, a very few of the alumni and faculty, the supporters of the visiting team and a large block of nonuniversity people taking advantage of the free admission.

Of the few students who did attend the game, the vast majority were listless and almost wholly free of that tingling excitement most collegians generate on a sunny Saturday football afternoon. They cheered only now and then, in a dutiful way. When the gun went off to end the game, a handful of students did rush out and carry the end who caught the winning touchdown off the field on their shoulders. But, as a disenchanted Hopkins lineman said of them as he trudged unnoticed to the dressing room, "They're probably freshmen. They'll get over it."

This boredom on campus was foreshadowed by the program's early failure to win converts throughout the nation. Hopkins had more than its own virtue in mind. It hoped to launch a nationwide reform movement.

Johns Hopkins has always regarded itself as a leader in higher education. When it was founded as the first real graduate school in America in 1876, Hopkins changed the entire course of American university training. Its School of Medicine, founded in 1893, revolutionized medical teaching in this country. In the '30s, when Hopkins began to view the commercialization of college football with alarm, it had some reason to believe that a school of its demonstrated leadership could counteract this trend with a bold endorsement of unsullied amateurism that would capture the imagination of the country's other colleges.

Football, Hopkins proclaimed, was to be regarded as just one of many student extracurricular activities, of no more importance than wrestling, cross-country or any other sport or, for that matter, the glee club or the debating team. There would be no reason to favor a backfield star over a good baritone, no temptation for a school to put the gate before the game and seek profit from the exploitation of its athletic students.

But the heathen were unimpressed. Although several Ivy League schools sent representatives to Baltimore to study the Hopkins plan, most educators reacted in the same manner as Robert M. Hutchins, who wrote, "Nobody cares, athletically speaking, what Johns Hopkins does."

Nobody seems to care today—least of all at Johns Hopkins. One student said recently, "There's no *sis-boom* left in our football. Only the *bah* remains: Bah, who gives a damn!" He certainly didn't, for he was one of the many students who passed up the Franklin and Marshall game to watch the Game of the Week on television.

Most of the faculty doesn't seem to care, either. P. Stewart Macaulay, the school's executive vice-president, says he doubts if 20 of the 225 members of the undergraduate faculty give any support to the game.

The alumni are equally indifferent. Karl M. Levy, President of the Alumni Association and a lineman on the 1924-25 teams, says, "Attending a Hopkins game today is a bore. The students don't have any spirit,

continued



CO-CAPTAIN James Kelley (*above*) and Tailback Joe Cioni are agreed that it's hard to be a hero at Johns Hopkins.





COACH WILSON FEWSTER, A CASE STUDY IN ALMOST TOTAL FRUSTRATION, BELIEVES THAT "DE-EMPHASIS IS OVEREMPHASIZED"

Photographs by Robert Phillips

JOHNS HOPKINS *continued*

no one has any fun, we play in bush leagues and it's all pretty dreary."

Occasionally attempts are made to mobilize some *sis-boom* against the *bah*. Before last year's final game with Western Maryland, some of the student body tried to stage a pep rally. The rally's organizers offered free beer and two busloads of girls from a neighboring college as added inducements. Only 200 turned out. When Coach Wilson Fewster and the team's co-captains showed up to address the rally, one captain studied the scene, then said, "Those slobs are just interested in free-loading and making time. Damned if I'll waste my breath on them." The three men walked away and, as far as they know, were never missed.

What accounts for such a lackluster attitude toward a good team playing a good game? The majority of the students seem to blame the school's athletic policy. Of 20 students polled at random on the campus, six thought de-emphasis was "probably a good thing," but 14 felt it had taken "the kick" out of Hopkins' football. The dissenters argued that it was a mistake to treat football as just another game. To their minds, football was the "big" college sport and, as such, one that should be built up, not knocked down.

The president of the student council, David Adams, spoke for the majority when he said, "I think we definitely should do something for football here. I don't see anything wrong with football scholarships if they're only given to academically qualified players."

In what must surely be one of the most unorthodox remarks ever made by the president of any student council, Adams asked, "Why bother to go to a Hopkins game when you've got the University of Maryland, the Navy and the Baltimore Colts games? They give you your money's worth."

The morale of the Johns Hopkins football squad, understandably, is lackadaisical, even if their playing doesn't show it. If pregame interviews with eight players can be believed, not a single member of the team that clawed its way to victory over Franklin and Marshall is prepared to die for dear old Hopkins. One player, who refused to allow his name to be used, said, "None of us gives a damn about Hopkins. We play because we love the game. If we play well it's only because none of us wants to let the team down."

Co-Captain James Kelley, a tackle who won special attention on last year's Little All-America, said, "I don't think any of us are playing for Hopkins. What welds us together is our love of football." Tailback Joe Cioni said: "How can you be a football hero on a campus that doesn't care for football? Anyone who takes his lumps for glory's sake is nuts."

In recent years players have been quitting the squad with growing frequency, and it has now reached the point where you often see better players in the stands than you do on the field. At the start of this season four lettermen from last year's team failed to report for practice, as did five promising players from last season's freshman squad, leaving Coach Fewster with a varsity squad of 28 men.

Although Fewster, a 34-year-old former star athlete at Hopkins, hasn't had a losing year since he became head coach in 1957, he is, as might be expected, a case study in almost total frustration. "Just once," he says, "I'd like to be able to look back at my bench and see 25 or 30 men."

"I guess," Fewster adds, "I'm not very bright. While I can see how overemphasis has hurt college football, I can't understand how it helps the game to kill it through over-de-emphasis, if there is such a word. I think it makes more sense to be realistic and give the game a fair break, by offering a few athletic scholarships to academically qualified players. But I can't sell anyone the idea. As a matter of fact, I can't even persuade the admissions department to let me talk to prospective players when they come in for an interview. They see over 2,000 boys annually, and I'm sure a lot of them have played football. But I'm lucky if the admissions department remembers to call me once a year to tell me there is a prospect in their office. Most of the time they forget the athletic department is part of the university.

"And with our football budget—$6,900 this year, exclusive of salaries—there's no money for me to take trips in search of the occasionally serious-minded young player whose primary interest lies in what college can give him in the way of an education—which is the one thing I have to offer. So what can I do but bite my nails, watch the squads shrink, and dread the approach of the day when I don't have enough players to field a team? The way things are going, that day may not be far off."

Even the school's administrators are unhappy about the direction the game has taken. They all approve of the football program in principle; they are all dissatisfied with the way it has worked out in practice; and, short of subsidizing players, which

continued

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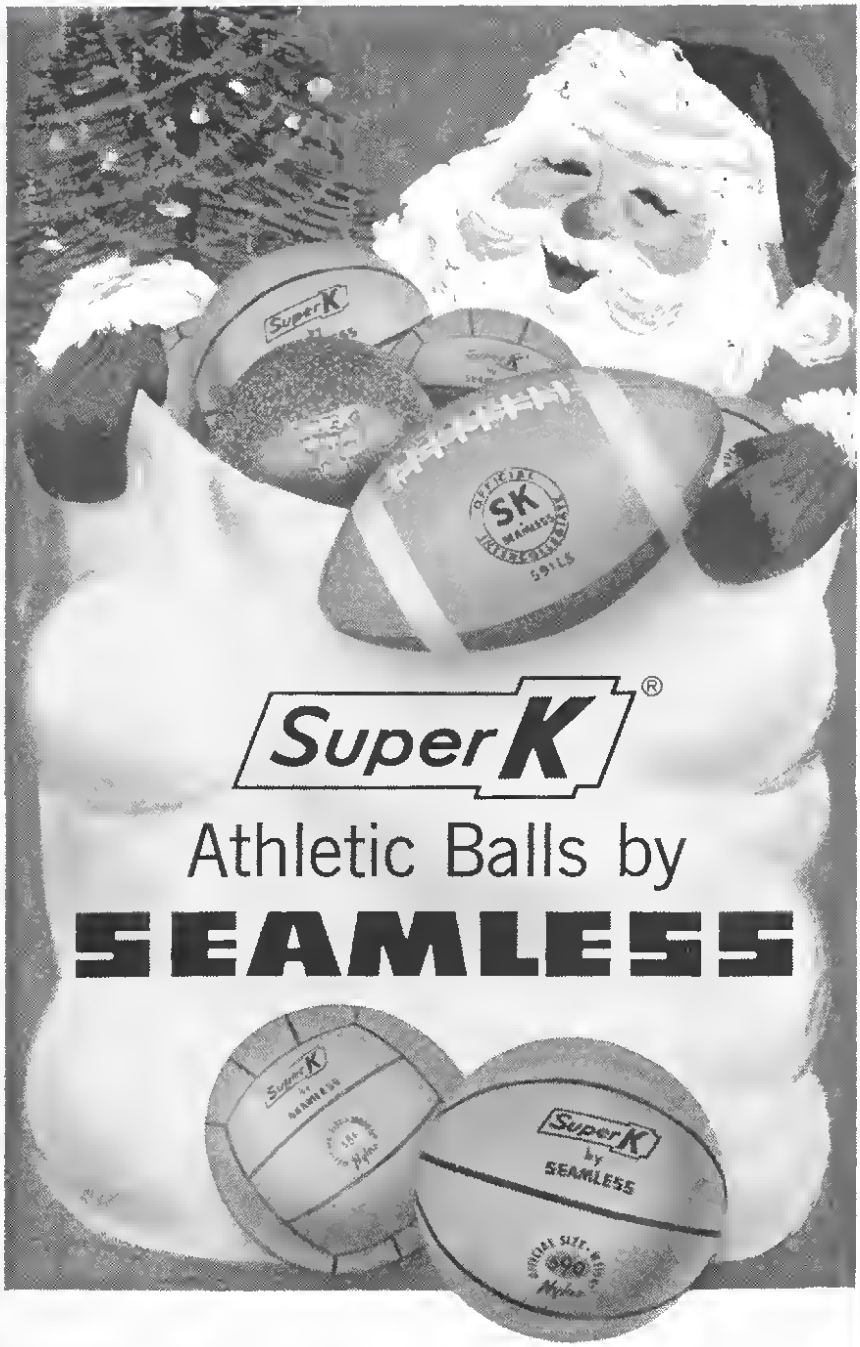


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they refuse to do, they haven't the vaguest idea how to improve matters.

Dean G. Wilson Shaffer, a psychology professor, says, "Frankly, I'm at the end of my rope. From a motivational point of view, I just can't see what more we can do to stir up the student body or to provide football men with incentive."

This cannot be an easy admission for Dean Shaffer to make, for he is the father of the Hopkins athletic program. It was he who instituted the basic plan in 1935. And he played a leading role in persuading the university authorities to carry the plan to its logical conclusion in 1938 by the elimination of admission charges.

Yet today Dean Shaffer no longer believes that the plan he fathered will ever have any appreciable effect on the college football world. "I still think our program is right in principle," he says. "It's being defeated, though, by the trend of the times, by the fact that football is rapidly being converted from a wholesome sport into a multimillion-dollar branch of the entertainment business. Already the game has become so overblown and its values so wildly distorted that Hopkins football is now completely out of line with what is taking place on the national scene. And if the trend gathers any momentum I'm afraid it could conceivably kill football at Hopkins. I'm afraid for all small-college football."

Alumni President Levy believes it is up to the college administration itself to give some heat to the lukewarm football spirit at Hopkins. He says: "Something has gone out of campus life at Hopkins, something that belongs on every college campus: a school's pride in its team and the excitement and high spirits that grow out of that pride and make a football weekend such a happy experience. The Hopkins undergraduate today is getting short-changed, and there's not a thing the alumni, the coaches or the athletic department can do about it.

"When I was a freshman the school made you wear a beanie, learn the yells, attend the pep rallies, go to all the home games, all sorts of things. Call it childish if you wish. But it welded my class together and gave us a healthy school spirit that meant

continued



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a lot to us. And then there was always a tea dance after our home games, where the kids had a lot of fun and the players were made to feel like heroes. All that sort of thing is gone now, with this total de-emphasis, and this business of treating college undergraduates as mature individuals who are above such frivolous things as beanies and pep rallies.

"On the evidence of panty raids and goldfish-gulping, I have a suspicion that today's youngsters aren't any more mature than we were at the same age. If I'm right, there must be



STUDENT COUNCIL HEAD David Adams is in favor of athletic scholarships.

something Hopkins could do to instill spirit in these teen-agers, too, if it would only make the effort. Instead, everybody just sits back and bemoans the fact that the students are spiritless. Maybe the fault doesn't lie with the students. Maybe their apathy is just a reflection of the administration's indifference. A lot of us think Hopkins could give football a better break than it does."

Marshall Turner, the university's thoughtful Director of Athletics, is a former chairman of the NCAA's small-college committee, and he remains in touch with the athletic directors of many of the country's smaller schools. He sees Hopkins' problem as part of a wider, deeper national dilemma. An alarming proportion of the small-college officials tell him that their

continued



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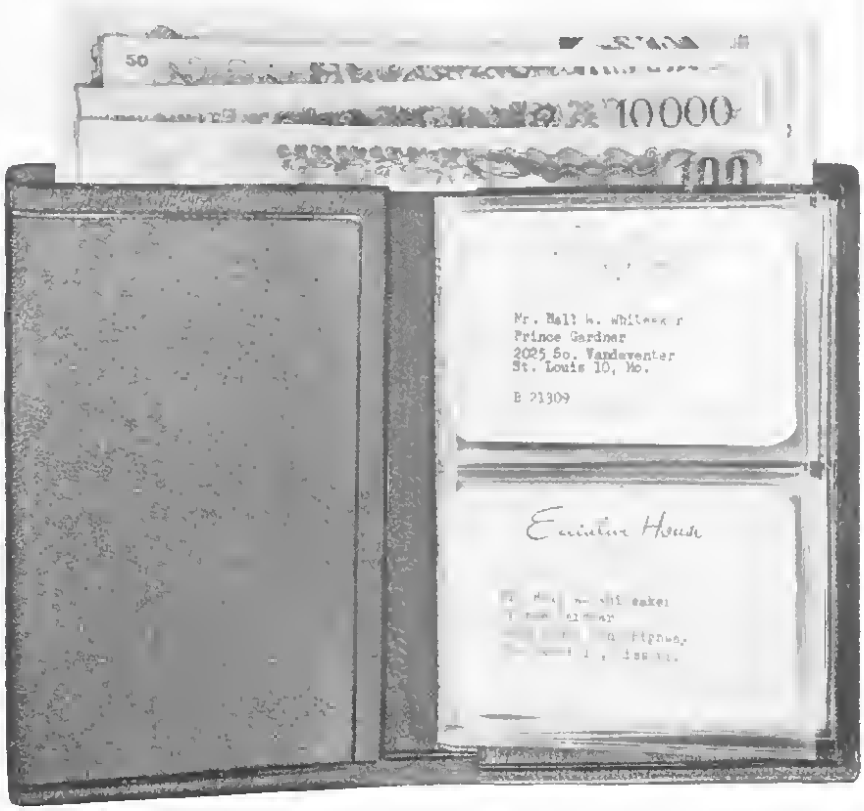
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football is beset by many of the same problems that plague the game at Hopkins, though seldom so acutely.

Their gravest problem, according to Turner, is to find enough players to make up an adequate team. Hard-nosed youngsters willing to play for the sheer love of the game are becoming as scarce as whooping cranes, it seems, while the what's-in-it-for-me young players are multiplying like rabbits. With more and more colleges openly recruiting, the small college with little or nothing to offer is in a hopeless competitive situation. It has no golden carrot to dangle before the nose of a prospective player.

Turner believes the public has been so thoroughly conditioned to the hyped-up, dollar-built standards of big-time football that it now refuses to accept anything less. As a result, a small college with limited resources can no longer hope to put on a good enough show to attract customers in any quantity, no matter how hard it tries. He compares the small school's predicament with that of a local ladies' club that is both wistful and foolish enough to stage its amateur *Follies* on the same night *My Fair Lady* is playing in town.

"Our little amateur show is being smothered by the professional performances put on in the big stadiums and over TV," Turner says. "And it's conceivable that someday we may have to fold it up completely. Yet I don't place the entire blame on the schools that have gone into the football entertainment business. I think things are the way they are because the public wants them that way. No one seems to get exercised over ethics in sports any more, just as no one seems to get too upset about chicanery in politics, business or anything else. So if amateur college football ever does die, I think it will be because the public doesn't give a damn.

"Meanwhile, it isn't going to die at Hopkins if any of us in the athletic department can help it. We're going to fight to keep the game alive. But, of course, we're limited to working with the players. And the really important job is on the campus, where something has got to be done to give football more of the stature it deserves, and to restore some of the old-time spirit of fun and excitement that goes with the game." **END**



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TWO SECONDS THAT CAN WIN A HORSE RACE

The unusual color photographs on these eight pages show the first two seconds of a horse race, tactically significant seconds when the action of the jockey and his horse can win —or lose—a race. Just before the start there is a sudden hush, a strange quiet. Then the bell rings, the gate flies open, the jockeys shout and the horses are off on their hard, frantic charge for the money.



CLANG!

The jarring sound of the bell signals that the barred doors to the starting stalls have snapped open. The race is on

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN G. ZIMMERMAN





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EARLY TIMES

HOCKEY / *Pete Waldmeir*

Again, the beat of Red Wings

After a three-year molt, Detroit's hockey team is airborne on a rich mixture of youth and experience



OLOSTER HOWE AND YOUNGSTER BASSEN TALK IN THE LOCKER ROOM

CANADIANS, as a rule, do not recognize Thanksgiving Day as an official holiday. Last week, however, an important segment of the Canadian population of Michigan—*i.e.* the Detroit Red Wings hockey team—celebrated the day in 100% American style by making a turkey dinner of the visiting Stanley Cup Champion Montreal Canadiens. Before the biggest crowd ever at Detroit's Olympia Stadium, the Wings beat Montreal 3 to 1 to take first place in the National Hockey League.

Screaming encouragement to his teammates as loudly as any other of the 15,859 zealots present at the game was an ardent young Canadian redhead in the Detroit net, 28-year-old rookie Goalie Hank Bassen, whose 25 saves contributed substantially to the victory. One of the sparks that has set Detroit aflame this season, Bassen was drafted last summer from Vancouver to serve as occasional stand-in for Goalie Terry Sawchuk, whose decline in the last few seasons has coincided, by no means coincidentally, with that of the whole Red Wing team. This season in the Wings' first 21 games, which carried them up to Thanksgiving Day tied with Montreal and Chicago for first place, rookie Bassen piled up a personal record of 6–2–2 against Sawchuk's 4–5–2. Tending the net in nine of the last 10 games, he had six victories and a tie to show for it.

"If I go back tomorrow," said Hank, flashing his gold-rimmed teeth and wrinkling his scarred brow after the Thanksgiving game, "I'll have no complaints. I've been up to the big time twice before, and I've had good trials. When they take you out of the minors no one can make it for you. Take those Montreal guys. Each of them was a rookie once. Each got his chance and jumped on it. I look at them, and I tell myself, 'When the time came they made the best of the opportunity. You can too, Henry Bassen. It's not impossible.' "

This eager young man epitomizes one of the two principal factors that have helped lift Detroit out of a three-year slump. Factor 1 is youthful exuberance. Factor 2 of the mix devised by General Manager Jack Adams is smooth—not tired—experience. Here Gordie Howe is the exemplar, but Adams also had added such oldtimers as Alex Delvecchio and Marcel Pronovost. The combination has proved volatile. Seven times in their first 21 games the Wings have come from behind to win. Once they spotted the Boston Bruins a 5–2 lead and took them 8–5 in the last period.

Neither Bassen nor Howe, together or singly, can take full credit for the lift that has sent the Wings soaring once again. Since the retirement of the Canadiens' Rocket Richard, Howe is the reigning king of the NHL ice, but the sad fact is that the Detroit veteran (who in 15 winters has set more records and scored more points than the Rocket himself) is not at his best this season. Even at second best, Gordie Howe is a valuable asset to any team. For a record fifth time last year the slope-shouldered, 32-year-old Howe was named the league's most valuable player. He has won the NHL scoring title five times and was chosen for the All-Star team seven times. When he signed his $25,000 contract for this season the confident Red Wing management wrote in a clause promising a bonus for every goal above 50—the Rocket's record. Yet after 21 games Howe had scored only five times, though he had added 16 assists to approach Thanksgiving with a career total of 998 regular-season points.

If Howe had shot two goals or had made two assists against Montreal on Thanksgiving night, he would have become the first NHL player

continued



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in history to score 1,000. Adams says: "The big fellow isn't barreling in and carrying guys on his back like he used to. He's stopping short too many times to try to make the play." Teammate Allan Johnson, purchased in June from the Canadiens and one of the five new faces on the Wing roster, thinks Howe's problem is simple bad luck: "I've never seen a guy hit the pipes so much. They just won't drop in."

When you're rolling

The discouragement that has faced Howe as he tried to push goals into the opposition net, however, has been amply compensated by the enthusiasm with which Bassen has fended off the shots of the opposition. This enthusiasm was typified by young Bassen as he railed at his teammates on the ice during the Thanksgiving game, urging this one to watch that man, that one to check that shot. "Hockey's like a crap game," explained one of the players on the bench. "When you're rolling you've got to yell."

After two periods, the Wings had a 2–0 lead and Bassen, bouncing up and down, had stopped 12 shots—all of them sizzlers—and had four stitches embroidered over his left eye for a souvenir. The third period started with noise like a clap of thunder from the crowd—Montreal's top-scoring Dickie Moore had sneaked through with his 20th goal to ruin the shutout. But another Detroit goal by Alex Delvecchio plus 13 last-period saves by Bassen made the big night a success, and Detroit was at last alone in first place.

After the game, as Bassen stripped off his long underwear, stained yellow at the cuffs and neck by perspiration, Howe dressed hurriedly. He had taken half a dozen shots, failed to figure in any of the scoring and was still two points away from the record 1,000. "I feel good, just like always," he said calmly. "When they go in it's great, when they don't it's no good. But say," he added, suddenly, as if it was time to talk about important things, "what about that Bassen? You know a guy like that is refreshing. He's so shy, so grateful that he's here, but he needn't be thankful to us. That kid's a hell of a goal tender." **END**

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DOGS / *Huston Horn*



CHAMPION LABRADOR PAHA SAPA CHIEF II PASSES ONE TEST ONLY TO FLUNK ANOTHER AS THE GOING GETS TOUGHER

How to bring 'em back best

That was the problem for handlers of the top retrievers at the 1960 national championship field trials

THERE IS possibly no place in the U.S. which offers a well-schooled gun dog more room for self-expression than a onetime ammo dump now known as the August A. Busch Memorial Wildlife Area in Weldon Spring, Mo. In this sprawling expanse of thickets, marshes, cornfields, lakes and ponds some 30 miles west of St. Louis the 55 best retrievers in the nation, their generally well-off owners and their hard-working handlers collected recently to determine which dog was the fairest one of all—the National Retriever Champion for 1960. The 55 retrievers at Weldon Spring, mostly black Labradors with a sprinkling of Chesapeakes and goldens, had been weeded out from thousands of their kind in lesser field trials throughout the past spring and summer and, presumably, there were no finer dogs in the business. One owner put it in reverent awe: "There just isn't a retriever good enough to be included in this company."

But collecting enough points to prove worthy of this august assembly was not a matter of retriever excellence alone. In a field trial, which tests a dog's ability to recover birds he has seen fall as well as those he has not, the handler is 50% of the team. "He is so important, in fact," said a San Francisco man, "that at the national it is he who all too often freezes up, tries too hard and spoils his dog's showing." Handlers fall into three fairly well defined categories—the public handler, who works for a fee and commissions; the private handler, who works for a salary; and the unpaid amateur, who is, in nearly every case, the dog's owner.

One of the amateurs at Weldon was Mrs. Walter S. Heller, a widow of San Rafael, Calif., who had twice qualified a retriever for the national trials. The owner of nine Chesapeake Bay retrievers, she devotes four days a week to their upbringing and some 20 weekends a year to field trials. She has edited a 107-page book, *The History of the Chesapeake Bay Retriever*, is president of the American Chesapeake Club, has contributed considerable amounts of energy and money to the training of guide dogs for the blind and is an active duck and pheasant hunter. With what little time remains in her schedule, she attempts "to act like a woman, having my nails done and shopping."

That she is a woman at all makes her unique in retriever circles (there was only one other in the trials), but Mrs. Heller considers it an advantage —with Chesapeakes anyway. "To be responsive to the handler," she says, "the Chesapeake must be smothered with love and understanding, and few handlers have the time for that sort of thing." One of Mrs. Heller's Chesapeakes, a 9-year-old named Nelgard's Baron, who shares her living room by day and her bedroom by night, has in his mouth four gold-capped teeth—Mrs. Heller's answer to an indignity done Baron by a former owner with a file. So excellently

continued



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ONE OF TWO WOMEN handlers participating at the trials, Mrs. Walter Heller of California urges her champion Chesapeake Nelgard's Baron toward a fallen bird.

DOGS *continued*

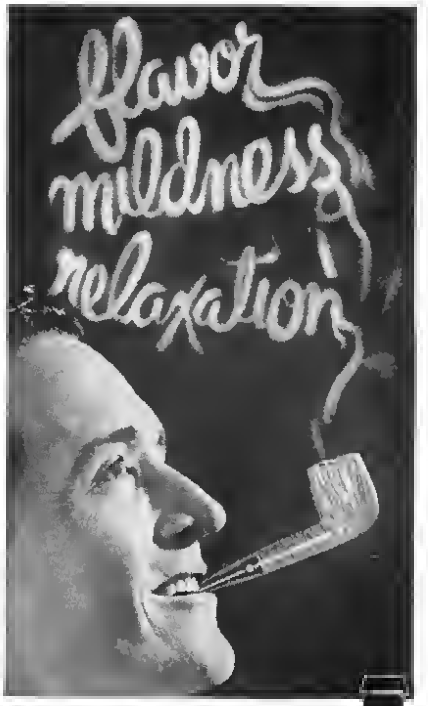
did the sweetly dispositioned Baron perform that he came within the skin of his expensive canines of winning the championship.

To watch Mrs. Heller's Baron and his competitors, some 150 ladies and gentlemen of the dog set appeared at Weldon in leather-paneled breeches, smart tweeds and soft, green Tyrolean hats, nearly all of which sagged under the weight of various club badges and field-trial medals that constitute status symbols in the sport. From shooting sticks, stools and the tail gates of their station wagons, they followed the action.

Before the trials had run their course the dogs were exposed to 12 different water and field situations that a retriever might be expected to encounter under actual hunting conditions. Plotted in an ascending order of difficulty, they began with a relatively elementary exercise in which the retriever was obliged to recover two mallards shot over water (one among a cluster of decoys) and to locate, with the help of his handler, a third duck hidden beforehand on the opposite shore of a small pond. One quality under test here was the dog's self-possession, which was given a trying moment or two when a shotgun was unexpectedly fired near by as he returned from recovering the second duck. Of the 55 entries, all but one appeared unfazed by the shot; the exception was a 4-year-old named Del-Tone Ric, who was so shattered by the experience that he was dropped forthwith from the competition. Del-Tone Ric's owner, a St. Paul stockbroker named Charles Cook, was himself so shattered by the dog's failure that he ordered Handler Bill Wunderlich to sell him for cost: $6,000.

In the second series held in a field of 18-inch stubble and weeds eight more contestants failed to satisfy the judges. Then as the several series continued, things became steadily more taxing for dogs and handlers alike. The gallery which kept score with subjective jottings, numbers and plus and minus signs could be heard clucking sympathetically as the mighty began to waver and fall. "A dog can be good one day and mighty disappointing the next," said John Olin, the field-trial chairman. "That's because this business is 60% to 70% luck. If the dog doesn't get the breaks, such as occasionally finding a blind duck almost by accident or catching a suddenly favorable breeze that's carrying the scent, well, he's had it." By the time of the eighth trial, held on the fourth and last day, 42 retrievers had had it, but the guns kept popping away at duck and pheasant to determine whether the 13 retrievers remaining, distracted by birds they had seen fall, could still be effectively "handled" in the recovery of hidden game. Possessed apparently of an uncanny instinct for sighting background landmarks as the game falls and having an ex-

continued



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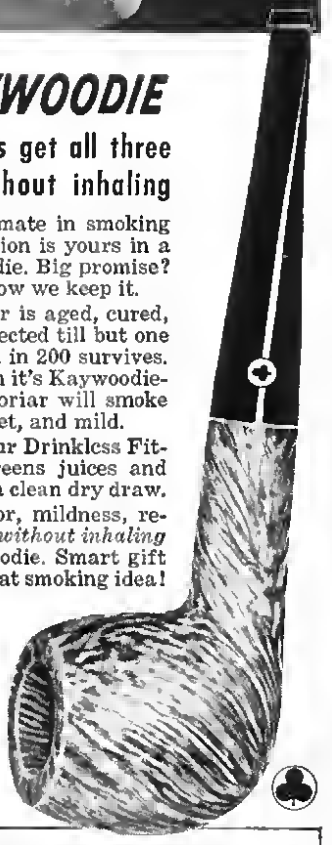
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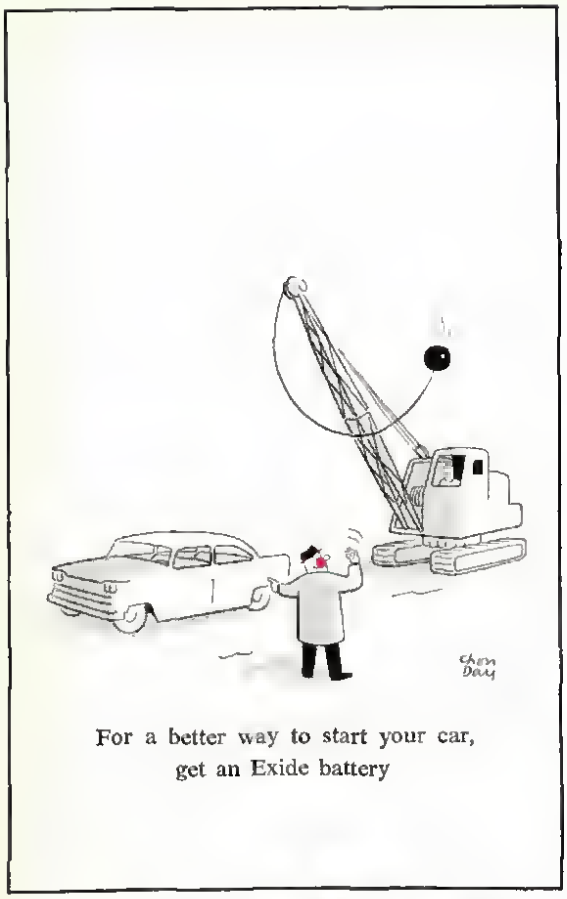
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quisite sense of depth perception, a good retriever can remember (or "mark") the whereabouts of several birds at one time, requiring only that the handler dispatch him. Retrieving hidden birds is a far more complicated maneuver in which the handler, familiar with the bird's location, sends the dog running on a "line" toward the quarry and then, like a pilot berthing a ship, directs his movements with arm waves, whistle blasts and shouted commands like "back, go back." Ideally, a retriever will continue in the direction indicated by the handler without once looking back until signaled to do so by the whistle; he will not, in fact, pause in his mission even if he should stumble across a rabbit or squirrel along the way.

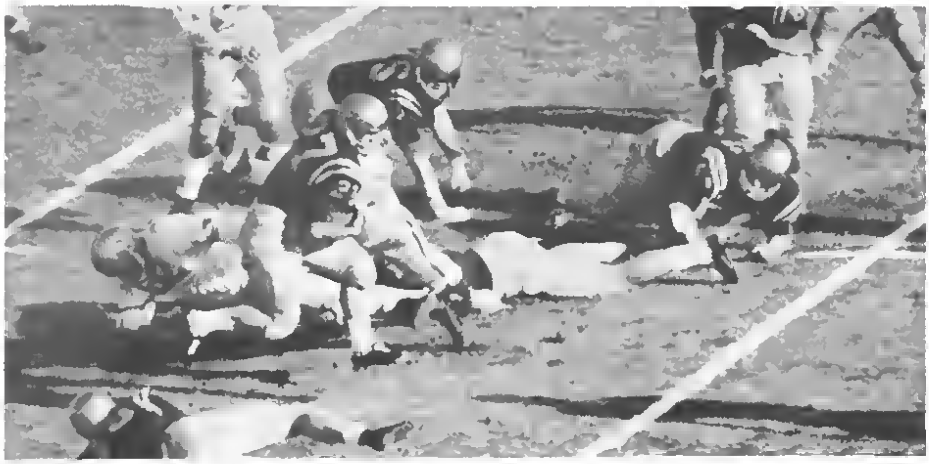
Smoke in the cactus

The 12th and final test required the dog to fetch a hidden pheasant 125 yards away while ignoring a marked bird lying just a few yards off in the opposite direction. Only four dogs remained in the championship stakes to face it. One was Mrs. George Murnane's defending champion, Spirit Lake Duke, handled by Joe Schomer, and one, surprisingly, was Mrs. Heller's companionable, gold-dentured Chesapeake, Baron. But most surprising was the exhibition of control and responsiveness being given by a small, lightweight (55 pounds) dark horse Labrador called Dolobran's Smoke Tail, who was handled by his owner, Richard Hecker, a Tucson lawyer.

"I was afraid old Smoke was getting a little too far along for this sort of thing," said Hecker at the end of the trial when his dog ran off with first prize, "but I guess I was wrong." Smoke's victory made his owner the first amateur trainer ever to win the trials. "We've been together for nine years—I paid $125 for him as a 10-week-old—which accounts for how well we work together, but I figured our chances of winning this national, our fourth, were pretty darn slim. You see, old Smoke has spent most of his life dodging cactus on the Arizona desert, hunting quail and doves."

It seemed pretty clear that a dog that had learned to dodge cactus in the desert wasn't likely to make any mistakes—anywhere. **END**


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AT FIVE, HE FAKES RIGHT, SHIFTS SUDDENLY TO LEFT AS BLUMHARDT (27) LUNGES



IN THE OPEN, HE HUGS SIDELINE WITH ADAMS (16), KIRSCHENBAUER IN PURSUIT



Another day for Bellino

Every few years there emerges from the horde of college football players one star of exceptional ability who captures the national fancy. Pete Dawkins, the slender Army halfback, was such a man in 1958. This year the distinction belongs to Navy's Joe Bellino, small as backfield men go but a bruising, tricky runner with a knack for looking good in every game. Last Saturday, against Army, he showed why opposing teams feared him and why he is likely to be awarded the Heisman Trophy as the outstanding player of the year. Bellino carried the ball 20 times for 85 yards, caught two passes for 16 yards, returned a punt 42 yards and two kickoffs for another 46. He also scored the game's first touchdown, leading Navy to a 17–0 half-time lead.

Bellino runs slightly crouched over until he gets past the line. His legs kick out to the side turkey-fashion, as they churn forward. This, in part, accounts for his ability to fake and cut sharply. Once in the secondary, he straightens up and flies. He did this the third time he got the ball in the first period (*left*). Breaking through a tiny hole from his own one, he tore loose from one tackler, feinted another into a wild miss and went 58 yards.

But it was a defensive play with seconds to go that made Bellino the hero of the 61st Army-Navy game. A spirited Army had cut Navy's lead to 17–12 and was driving for a touchdown when Bellino intercepted a pass on his goal line and ran it back 45 yards. That killed Army's last hope.

TURN PAGE FOR FOOTBALL'S WEEK



Mrs. Mandel's bowling ensemble by Robert Sloan for Harper's Bazaar

MRS. LEON MANDEL—brilliant markswoman (International Shotgun Champion) and regularly on the list of America's Ten Best-Dressed Women—is about to take aim at America's ten favorite targets. Mrs. Mandel says that bowling is *the* sociable game. Those who bowl at AMF "Magic Triangle" centers say she's absolutely right.



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Football's 11th week

by MERVIN HYMAN

Miami meets **Air Force** Friday night, **Duke** plays **UCLA** and **South Carolina** faces **Virginia** the next day. For the rest of the country, however, the 1960 college season ended last Saturday. **New Mexico State** (10–0) and **Yale** (9–0) alone among the major teams finished unbeaten and untied, **Minnesota** remained the nation's No. 1 team, and the postseason bowls —except for New York's Johnny-come-lately Gotham Bowl, which, although snubbed by all, was still hopeful—were filled. The major bowl pairings: Rose—**Washington** (9–1) vs. **Minnesota** (8–1); Cotton—**Arkansas** (8–2) vs. **Duke** (7–2); Sugar—**Mississippi** (9–0–1) vs. **Rice** (7–3); Orange—**Navy** (9–1) vs. **Missouri** (9–1); Gator—**Florida** (8–2) vs. **Baylor** (8–2); Liberty—**Penn State** (6–3) vs. **Oregon** (7–2–1); Bluebonnet—**Texas** (7–3) vs. **Alabama** (8–1–1).

For the losers, the end was the beginning of open season on coaches. The score so far: 2. **Cornell** fired longtime (14 years) Coach Lefty James with the usual platitudes. DeWitt Weaver, after 10 years and a 49–51–5 record at **Texas Tech**, resigned "to get in business for myself."

THE EAST

The big show was at Philadelphia, where **Navy** survived **Army**'s late fusillade to win 17 12. **Holy Cross** and **Boston College** were no less enthusiastic as they met for the 57th time at Newton, Mass. The young Crusaders, slowly ripening under the patient coaching of Eddie Anderson, matured convincingly behind the poised and confident leadership of sophomore Quarterback Pat McCarthy. McCarthy picked apart the BC defense with superb passes (15 of 22 for 247 yards) and eye-catching rollouts. He flipped 22 yards to Halfback Tom Hennessey for one touchdown, trudged three yards for another and threw for four extra points, just the margin his team needed to beat the Eagles 16–12.

The Ivy Leaguers closed up shop for the year *on* Thanksgiving Day in Philadelphia. **Penn**, a delighted champion in 1959 but desperately striving to avoid last place this year, finally found a way to make the best use of Tailback George Koval's talents as a passer. Coach John Stiegman confused **Cornell**'s defenders by shifting Koval in and out of all four backfield positions, sent in the plays that caught the Big Red in the switches. Koval pitched touchdown passes from tailback, wingback and fullback to defeat Cornell 18–7. The top three:

1. NAVY (9-1)
2. PENN STATE (6-3)
3. YALE (9-0)

THE SOUTH

Mississippi Coach Johnny Vaught thinks his quarterback, Jake Gibbs, is "the greatest college football player in the country." And **Mississippi State** is inclined to agree with him after Gibbs passed them to near distraction. He completed his first 10 passes, 13 of 15 in all for 140 yards and two touchdowns, and Ole Miss clobbered the Maroons 35–6 for its fourth SEC title and seventh bowl trip in eight years.

Four times this season **Auburn** had won on Ed Dyas' field goal kicking. Last Saturday, Dyas, who suffered a fractured cheekbone a week earlier, was ready to try, but he never had a chance as a stiff **Alabama** defense kept the Tigers outside the 35-yard line. Instead, Alabama's Tommy Brooker kicked one from the 22-yard line, and the Crimson Tide won 3–0.

Georgia Coach Wally Butts, preparing for **Georgia Tech**, made what seemed like a simple change in his defense against placement kicks. He shifted bruising Guard Pat Dye to end because "if anyone can get in there to block kicks, he is the man." Dye got in, blocked Tommy Wells's attempt for the extra point, partially deflected one of his field goal tries, and the Bulldogs beat Tech 7–6.

Sky-high **Florida** neutralized **Miami**'s dangerous draw play by holding a guard and a tackle on the line of scrimmage, followed the running of Quarterbacks Bobby Dodd Jr. and Larry Libertore and Fullback Don Goodman to an 18–0 win over the inept Hurricanes. **Tennessee** put pressure on **Vanderbilt**'s interior linemen to let Tailback Glenn Glass through for two touchdowns, won easily 35–0. **LSU** gave sophomore Quarterback Lynn Amedee a chance to run, and he led the Tigers past **Tulane** 17–6.

South Carolina couldn't stop **Wake Forest**'s Norm Snead, who completed 15 of 33 passes for 273 yards and two touchdowns, but the Gamecocks outran the Deacons to beat them 41–20. **North Carolina** pounced on **Virginia** 35–8, handed the desperate Cavaliers their 27th straight loss. **Clemson** scored four times in the last quarter to rout **Furman** 42–14.

VMI lost a two-point gamble, and **Virginia Tech** upset the Keydets 13–12. **Mississippi Southern** ran over **Chattanooga** 30–6; **Tennessee Tech** trounced **Middle Tennessee** 35–8 to earn the Ohio Valley Conference title and a date with **The Citadel** in the Tangerine Bowl. The top three:

1. MISSISSIPPI (9-0-1)
2. ALABAMA (8-1-1)
3. DUKE (7-2)

THE MIDWEST

The revolt in the Big Eight was complete. After 12 straight championships **Oklahoma** was battling neighboring **Oklahoma State** for fifth place. For once the Sooners managed to avoid the fumbles which had plagued them all season long.

continued



BACK OF THE WEEK: Navy's Joe Bellino charged through Army defenses for 85 yards, scored on four-yard plunge, ended last Cadet hope with pass interception.



LINEMAN OF THE WEEK: Georgia's versatile Pat Dye piled up Georgia Tech runners from guard post, shifted to end to block kicks for extra point and field goal.

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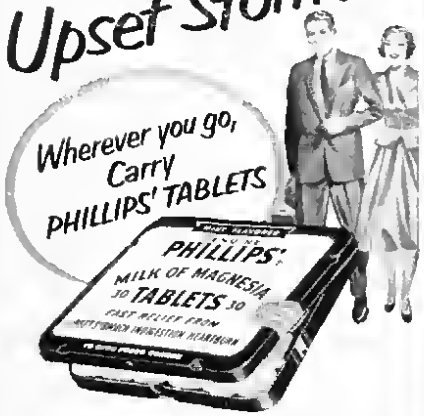
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PHILLIPS' TABLETS

Coach Bud Wilkinson flanked both ends to spread the Cowboy secondary, decided to stay mostly on the ground when the strategy worked. No. 2 Quarterback Bob Cornell slipped through the State line on keepers, moved the Sooners to two touchdowns, and Fullback Ronnie Hartline added a 24-yard field goal for a 17–6 victory. But the 3–6–1 record was hardly one to make Oklahoma rejoice. Reflected Hartline: "We just didn't learn how to play as a team."

Missouri Valley Champion **Wichita** lit into **West Texas State** for touchdowns in every period, whomped the Buffaloes 31–14 to give Coach Hank Foldberg, one-time Army end, an 8–2 record in his first year. The top three:

1. MINNESOTA (8-1)
2. IOWA (8-1)
3. MISSOURI (9-1)

THE SOUTHWEST

The tightest conference race in the country—the Southwest's—ended with a single game separating the top four teams, all four of them bound for bowls. The championship wasn't decided until the closing minutes of the last game. **Rice** went ahead of **Baylor** 7–6 when Quarterback Billy Cox sneaked over from the one-yard line and Max Webb kicked the extra point. But then Quarterback Bobby Ply came off the Bear bench. Splitting the 6–2–2–1 Rice defense with his accurate passing, he moved the Bears 75 yards in 10 quick plays, the last one a nine-yard pass with 2:23 to play to Halfback Ronnie Stanley for the winning touchdown. Baylor's 12–7 victory gave idle **Arkansas** sole possession of first place and the Owls a second-place tie with Baylor and **Texas**.

Texas protected its own interests in its annual Thanksgiving Day game with luckless **Texas A&M**. Halfback Jim Saxton, scooting and dodging over and around the Aggies, helped the Longhorns convert an intercepted pass and two fumbles into a 21–0 half-time lead. But A&M, giving up grudgingly, came back with two second-half touchdowns, finally succumbed 21–14. Plodding **TCU** found an opponent that bumbled more, beat **SMU** 13–0 to complete the Mustangs' first winless (0–9–1) season in 45 years.

Texas Western, audaciously taking a 7–0 lead over unbeaten **New Mexico State**, paid dearly for its arrogance. Halfback Pervis Atkins began to smash away at the Miners' line; Halfback Bob Gaiters, the nation's leading scorer and rusher, ran for two touchdowns; Quarterback Charlie Johnson passed for another, and soon the Aggies were out in front 27–15 for their 14th straight victory, the Border Conference championship and a bid to play Utah State (9–1) in the Sun Bowl at El Paso.

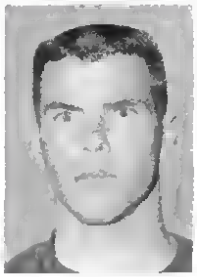
Second-place **Arizona** surprised **Arizona State** with its best defense of the season, ran over the smothered Sun Devils 35–7. **Tulsa** Quarterback Jerry Keeling passed for three touchdowns, led the Golden Hurricanes past **Houston** 26–16. The top three:

1. ARKANSAS (8-2)
2. TEXAS (7-3)
3. BAYLOR (7-3)

THE WEST

There were three empty seats for every one occupied in the Los Angeles Coliseum as **USC** and **Notre Dame**, two old rivals who have fallen on bad days, slopped dispiritedly through a driving rain. The result: a pedestrian 17–0 victory for the Irish, their first after eight straight losses. Quarterback Daryle Lamonica, one of the sophomores who may yet return Notre Dame to "excellence," skillfully preyed on USC's persistent four-four defense,





NEW FACES: South Carolina Quarterback Buddy Bennett (*left*), a third-stringer for three years, directed five scoring drives against Wake Forest; Notre Dame's Daryle Lamonica befuddled USC with running, helped Irish snap long losing streak.

11TH WEEK LEADERS

(NCAA statistics)

SCORING	TD	PAT	FG	PTS.
Gaiters, New Mexico State	23	7	0	145
Bellino, Navy	18	2	0	110
N. Jones, Arizona State	8	27	6	93

RUSHING	R	YDS.	AVG.
Gaiters, New Mexico State	174	1,338	7.69
Larscheid, Utah State	124	1,044	8.42
E. Davis, Syracuse	112	877	7.83

PASSING	A	C	PCT.	YDS.	TD
H. Stephens, Hardin-Simmons	256	145	.566	1,254	3
Snead, Wake Forest	259	123	.474	1,676	10
Melin, Washington State	221	119	.538	1,638	11

TOTAL OFFENSE	R	P	YDS
Melin, Washington State	77	1,638	1,715
Kilmer, UCLA	656	1,033	1,689
C. Johnson, New Mexico State	123	1,511	1,634

TEAM TOTAL OFFENSE	PLAYS	YDS.	GAME AVG.
New Mexico State	670	4,196	419.6
Memphis State	612	3,744	374.4
Utah State	638	3,744	374.4

TEAM TOTAL DEFENSE	PLAYS	YDS	GAME AVG
Wyoming	477	1,496	149.6
Alabama	536	1,576	157.6
Mississippi	542	1,686	168.6

sent his halfbacks slithering around the mirebound Trojans for good yardage, kept the ball himself often enough to pick up 65 yards rushing and one touchdown. A 31-yard field goal and two extra points by Joe Perkowski and a nine-yard run by Halfback Bob Scarpitto accounted for the other scoring.

In Salt Lake City, **UCLA** Coach Bill Barnes's strategy was simple: "We felt we could run on Utah. We decided to use a tight single wing and go to war." The Bruins—or rather, Tailback Bill Kilmer—did. **Utah** gave **UCLA** a battle for a while, even fought back to a 9-9 tie, but the Redskins had no one to match Kilmer, eventually lost 16-9. The elusive tailback ran for 180 yards, passed for 60 more and supplied the winning touchdown on a 10-yard sprint in the final quarter. With the Duke game left, Kilmer should overtake **Washington State's** Mel Mehn for the NCAA total offense title *(see box)*.

Air Force skimped along in a scoreless tie with **Colorado** for a half, got its pickup from Halfback Mike Quinlan, who returned a third-quarter punt 92 yards for a touchdown. Quinlan scored again, Mike Rawlins kicked a 29-yard field goal, and the Falcons upset Colorado 16-6. **Denver**, looking for companionship in the Skyline cellar, beat **Colorado State U.** 21-12, pulled the Rams into a tie for last place. The top three:

1. **WASHINGTON (9-1)**
2. **OREGON (7-2-1)**
3. **UCLA (6-2-1)**

THE SMALL COLLEGES

Except for bowl games, the season was also over for the smaller colleges. Unbeaten **Ohio U.** (10-0) held its No. 1 rating in the AP poll while **Lenoir Rhyne** crushed **Catawba** 56-6 to earn No. 1 ranking by the NAIA. **Bucknell** (7-2), which lost only to Rutgers and Cornell, was named eastern small-college champion and winner of the Lambert Cup. Other unbeaten and untied teams: **Arkansas Tech** (10-0); **Humboldt State** (10-0); **Whitworth** (9-0); **Ottawa** (Kans.) (9-0); **West Chester State** (9-0); **Albright** (9-0); **Muskingum** (9-0); **Langston** (9-0); **Wagner** (9-0); **Willamette** (8-0).

Hillsdale drew first blood in the post-season bowls, breaking loose Jim Drake and Bill Knapp for long touchdown runs in the second half to beat **Iowa Teachers** 17-6 in the Mineral Bowl at Excelsior, Mo. Four other teams prepared to battle it out Saturday for the right to play in the NAIA Holiday Bowl at St. Petersburg December 10. Lenoir Rhyne will meet **Northern Michigan** (8-1) at Hickory, N.C.; Humboldt, which beat **Lewis and Clark** 34-0, faces Whitworth at Eureka, Calif. **Florida A&M** (8-1) ran over **Texas Southern** 30-8 in a warmup for its Orange Blossom Classic game with Langston at Miami December 10.

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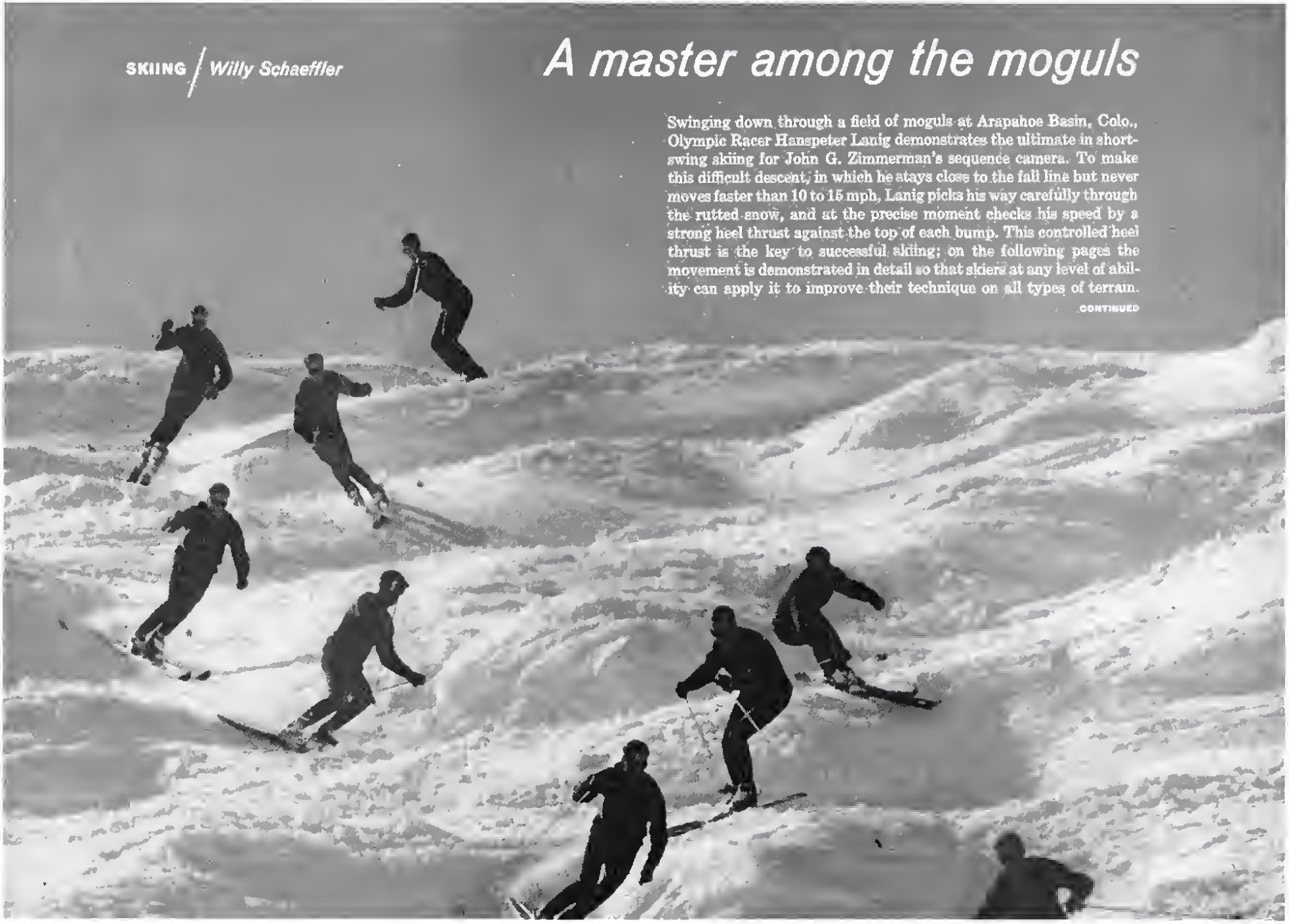
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SKIING / Willy Schaeffler

A master among the moguls

Swinging down through a field of moguls at Arapahoe Basin, Colo., Olympic Racer Hanspeter Lanig demonstrates the ultimate in short-swing skiing for John G. Zimmerman's sequence camera. To make this difficult descent, in which he stays close to the fall line but never moves faster than 10 to 15 mph, Lanig picks his way carefully through the rutted snow, and at the precise moment checks his speed by a strong heel thrust against the top of each bump. This controlled heel thrust is the key to successful skiing; on the following pages the movement is demonstrated in detail so that skiers at any level of ability can apply it to improve their technique on all types of terrain.

CONTINUED





Essence of the shortswing

The controlled heel thrust which Hanspeter Lanig used on the previous page represents the essence of modern ski technique. It emerged as such after three winters of patient research by some of the nation's top instructors. Below, it is shown as the prime mover in a parallel turn, and then isolated at right for a more detailed analysis



THE BASIC TURN

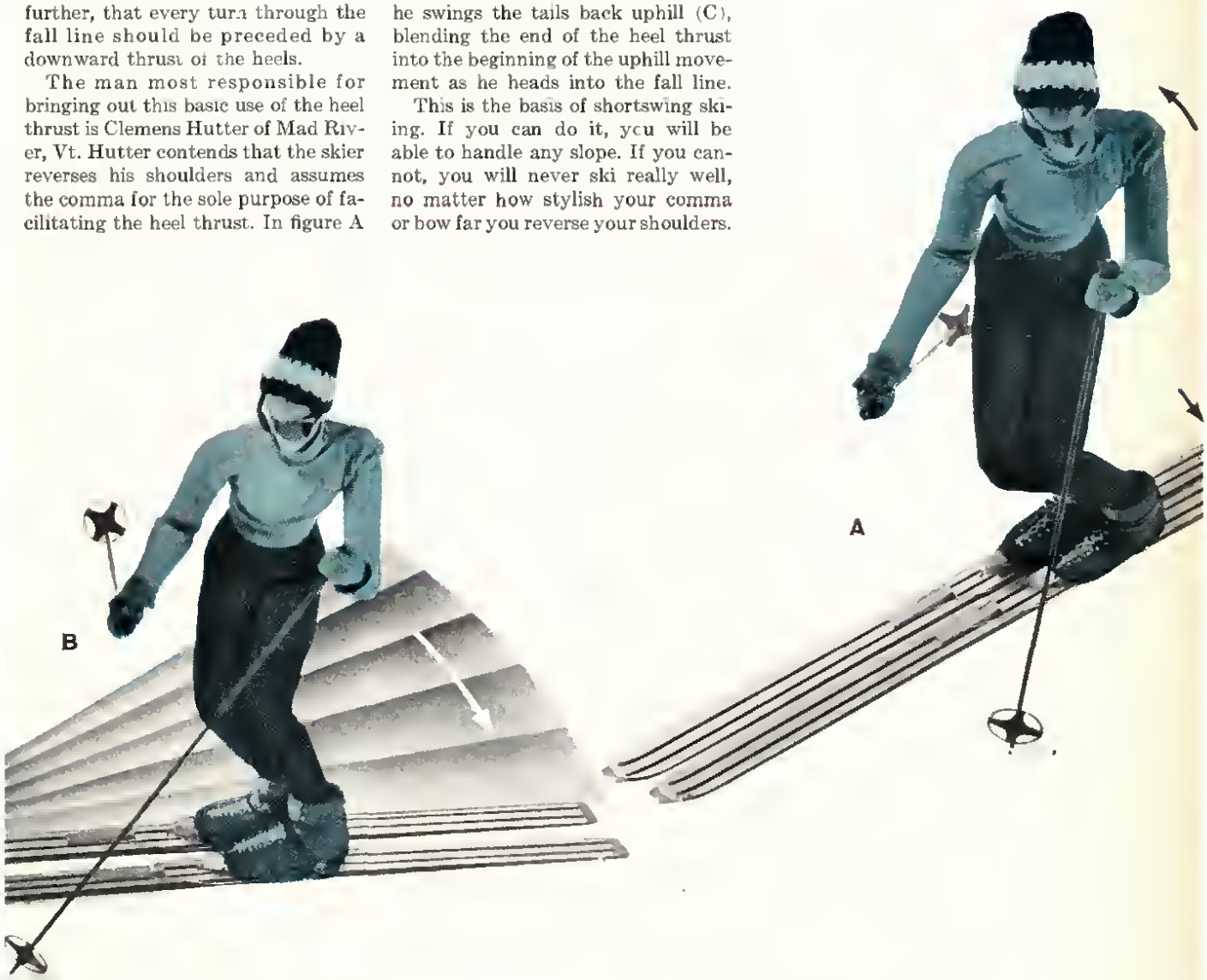
The parallel turn *(above)* activated by a heel thrust is the basic maneuver which Hanspeter Lanig used in sequence on the preceding pages. Although Lanig executes it with an Olympian's grace on the most difficult terrain, this turn is just as useful and just as essential to an intermediate who wants to negotiate a practice slope correctly. Heel thrust occurs at positions 2, 3 and 4 of the turn.

THE ALL-IMPORTANT HEEL THRUST

When the shortswing was first introduced to American skiers (SI, Nov. 25, 1957), the two distinctive features of the new technique were the reverse shoulder and the comma position. Since then, most instructors have emphasized the comma and the reverse shoulder, bringing in the heel push only as the final movement in the turn. I believe this is wrong. I feel that the key to the shortswing is not the comma or the reverse shoulder, but the heel thrust. And I believe, further, that every turn through the fall line should be preceded by a downward thrust of the heels.

The man most responsible for bringing out this basic use of the heel thrust is Clemens Hutter of Mad River, Vt. Hutter contends that the skier reverses his shoulders and assumes the comma for the sole purpose of facilitating the heel thrust. In figure A below, which corresponds to figure 2 in the sequence at left, the skier, knees flexed, is starting his thrust. As the tails of his skis begin to skid downhill, the shoulder moves back in a strong reverse to provide a counterforce for the heel thrust. Then (B) the skier makes the thrust, brushing the tails of the skis across the snow as he plants the downhill pole. At the end of the thrust, he stops the skis from sliding by digging the uphill edges into the snow. The instant they stop, he swings the tails back uphill (C), blending the end of the heel thrust into the beginning of the uphill movement as he heads into the fall line.

This is the basis of shortswing skiing. If you can do it, you will be able to handle any slope. If you cannot, you will never ski really well, no matter how stylish your comma or how far you reverse your shoulders.





CHARLES GOREN / *Cards*

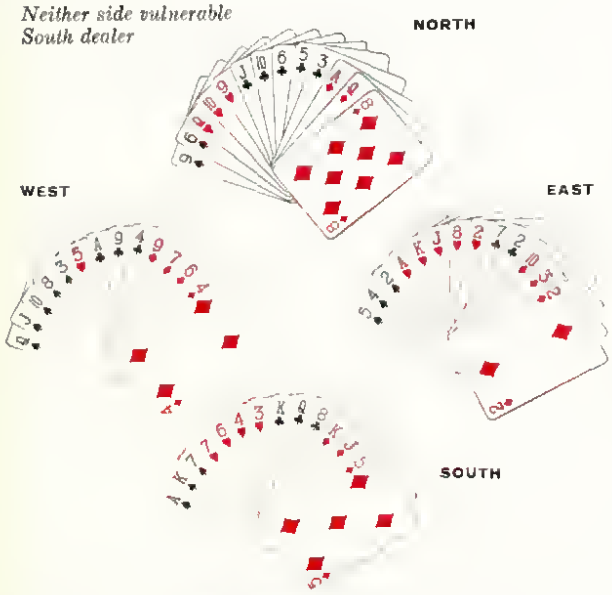
The deuce or the dickens

FROM Noah Webster's point of view, it doesn't matter whether your partner gives you the deuce or the dickens. Either way, you get the devil. But a bridge player's view is apt to be different from a lexicographer's, as you will see by the story behind this week's deal.

The Olympic Games in Rome reminded me of this hand. Back in the early '30s a series of par contests, called the World Bridge Olympics, was presented to bridge players the world over. Participants in various segments of the globe simultaneously played the same deals against pre-established par results. Next year, under the supervision of the World Bridge Federation, a similar contest is to be staged.

Hands for that contest are now being prepared by a group of Australian bridge experts, chosen because they had had wide experience with such contests. The vast distances between Australia's bridge centers make this sort of tournament popular, *if not* necessary. This deal is typical of the kind the experts will select.

Neither side vulnerable
South dealer



SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
1 N.T.	PASS	3 N.T.	PASS
PASS	PASS		

Opening lead: queen of spades

South had a classic minimum no-trump opening, and North, whose nine points are buttressed by a five-card suit and an abundance of intermediate cards—10s and 9s—was justified in jumping to game. It is no sound objection that the partnership count was as little as 25 points. Even with South's minimum holding, the game would have been a lay-down if South had held the jack of hearts instead of the jack of diamonds.

East played the deuce of spades on the first trick. South took it with his ace and tried to establish dummy's clubs, leading the king. West ducked and also let the queen hold. Notice that on this first lead of clubs East played the deuce, one of several eloquent signals. On the third club lead, which West won with the ace, East dropped the deuce of diamonds.

West persisted with spades and declarer gladly accepted the trick, winning two spades, three diamonds *and four clubs* to *bring* home the game.

When East pointed the finger of scorn at his partner, he was justified. "I'd have taken five heart tricks, for down two. It seems to me I made it clear I didn't want you to lead spades or diamonds."

West retorted mildly, "Why did you discard the deuce of diamonds? We didn't have to set the hand two tricks to get a good result. You should have signaled with the 8 of hearts to tell me what to lead."

West's post-mortem analysis was as unsound as his play. Had East chosen to signal with the 8 of hearts, he would have parted not only with one of the setting tricks, he would actually have tossed away both. With the 8-spot used as a lavish signal, West's heart return would allow East to win three heart tricks. But South's 7 would then control the fourth round. The defenders would win only three hearts and one club, and declarer would still make his nine tricks.

The only chance East had was by telling his partner what suits *not* to lead. So he was right in giving his partner the deuces as well as the dickens for ignoring them.

EXTRA TRICK

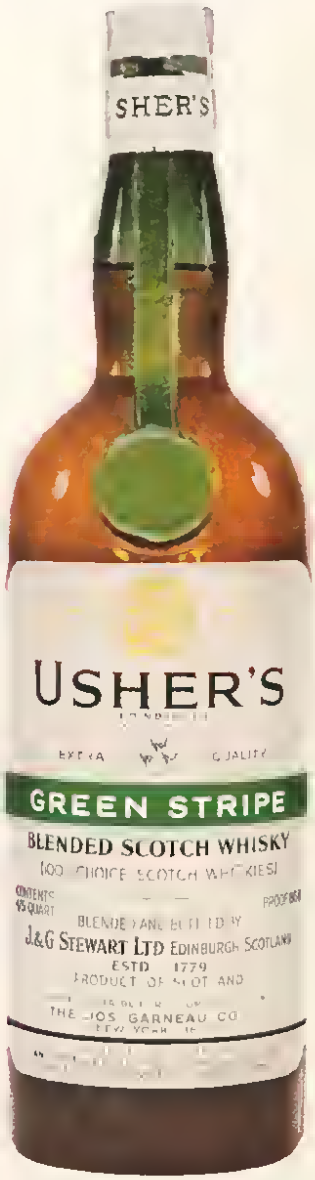
A five-card suit is usually worth an extra trick in the play of a no-trump contract, so with nine points and a fair five-carder, raise all the way from one no trump to three. Also, when you signal your partner, don't give a positive signal at the expense of throwing away the setting trick. **END**



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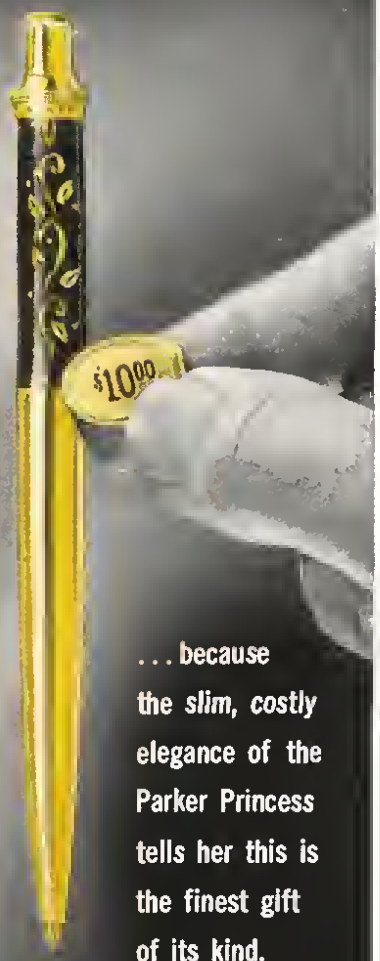
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Fiasco at the foul line

Chamberlain is the NBA's best-paid player, but he can't take advantage of his gifts

WILT CHAMBERLAIN, the 7-foot 1-inch giant who is paid more than $1,000 per game (over a 75-game season) to dunk a basketball through a hoop, stood on the foul line at Penn's Palestra the other day. The superstar of the Philadelphia Warriors was practicing foul shots after a team workout.

Wilt, who has set National Basketball Association records in scoring, rebounding and salary, moved to the left of the foul line, palmed the ball in his huge right hand and shot. The ball hit the rim, 15 feet away, and bounced off.

"See what I mean," he said, shaking his head disgustedly. "I got so much English on my shot that all I have to do is touch that rim and the blankety-blank ball won't drop."

The records show that Chamberlain has been hitting the rim all season—missing about 60% of his foul shots. Remarkably, he has a better shooting percentage on field goals than on fouls.

"Any high school kid could do better," Syracuse's Dolph Schayes said recently after Chamberlain missed 18 of 27 fouls as Philadelphia lost a game by one point. "It's ridiculous," claimed Schayes, who normally hits on 90% of *his* fouls. Chamberlain's free-throw average is .384. The average for all professional players last year was .734. A good high school player should average .666.

"What Schayes says doesn't bother me," snapped Wilt in a tone that indicated it does. "I don't think it's wise for one athlete to knock another. But that's his business—freedom of speech and that sort of thing, you know."

Chamberlain, who earns his $80,000-plus salary by playing the full 48 minutes of almost every game, has become thoroughly confused on the foul line. "Over the years," he conceded, "I've been getting consistently worse. I used to be pretty good in high school, but I haven't had a good night that I can remember in the pros. It must be mental." His latest gimmick has been to shoot from the left of the foul line, at an angle, "because I take most of my floor shots from that side. I've been using my thumb more to get English on my floor shots, banking them off the board," he explained. "That's why, subconsciously, I've been stressing my thumb on the foul line, too. It gives the ball too much English for foul shots. But why should I change and louse up my floor shots?

"It upsets me, all right," he said, heading for the dressing room at the end of his drill. "I keep saying I don't let it bother me. But whenever you find yourself saying that, then you know it *is* bothering you."

The margin of victory

Neil Johnston, Wilt's coach, is bothered too. He figures his star would add "about six points per game" to his average by learning to shoot fouls. And six points is often the difference between victory and defeat.

"Sometimes," Johnston says, "I think Wilt doesn't want to be fouled because he's afraid he'll look bad. He was in the pivot the other night against New York and he didn't want the ball. He kept waving it off. Maybe he felt he didn't have good position. Maybe he didn't want to get fouled. I don't know."

Chamberlain has often complained that opposing players foul him without being called for it. Whether that be true or not, the fact remains that fouls are called often enough in his favor for him to attempt more free throws than any other player in the league. If he stops looking for excuses in his subconscious, Philadelphia will win a few more games. **END**

THE EAGLE SWOOPED

continued from page 19

own errors. You can't give the ball away six times in tbe National Football League. And win." Brodie left the game late, under the persuasion of a rattling tackle by Big Daddy Lipscomb, but a third-string quarterback named Bobby Waters, passing from the double wing, got the winning touchdown for the 49ers.

Now the Western Division is an unholy mess. The Colts lead by half a game over the Chicago Bears with the Green Bay Packers and the 49ers a full game behind. Theoretically at least, even the Detroit Lions could win the title, although at the moment they have won four and lost five. The Packers and the Bears play Sunday, the Colts play the 49ers and the Lions in the next three weeks and the Packers play the 49ers, too. It is unlikely that the San Francisco team, refurbished with the double-wing offense, will win the championship in the West, but it would appear now that the 49ers do hold the key to the division title. Red Hickey, the 49er coach, is ingenious and resourceful, as be proved last Sunday. But he doesn't have the manpower. The Colts, like the Giants, may finally be feeling the twinges of age. The Green Bay Packers, under Vince Lombardi, have made a wonderful comeback in the last couple of years, but they lack the balance and the quarterback to win the division title.

That leaves the Chicago Bears. George Halas' team is sound and strong, and, most important, healthy. The Bears have good quarterbacking in Ed Brown and Zeke Bratkowski, a quick, intelligent defense ably informed by Defensive Coach Clark Shaughnessy, and strong running from Rick Casares, Willie Galimore and Johnny Morris. But they have a tough closing schedule—Green Bay, the Cleveland Browns and Detroit. If they can get by the Packers in Chicago, they might very well play Philadelphia for the championship.

As for the championship itself—well, against the Dutchman no team in tbe league is a good bet. **END**

NATIONAL FOOTBALL LEAGUE

TNE WEEK'S GAMES

	Pts	Yds. Rush.	Yds Pass	Pass Comp
Eagles vs.	31	64	147	13–23
Giants	23	144	193	11–21
Lions vs	23	109	182	19–34
Packers	10	118	63	8–26
49ers vs.	30	119	237	15–27
Colts	22	67	361	17–32
Bears vs.	17	221	58	11–24
Cowboys	7	44	164	14–31
Browns vs.	17	186	88	13–19
Cardinals	17	195	119	10–20
Steelers vs	22	208	186	10–26
Redskins	10	66	115	12–24

EASTERN CONFERENCE

	Won	Lost	Tied	Pct.
Philadelphia	8	1	0	889
Cleveland	5	3	1	.625
New York	5	3	1	625
St. Louis	5	4	1	.556
Pittsburgh	4	5	1	.444
Washington	1	6	2	.131

WESTERN CONFERENCE

	Won	Lost	Tied	Pct.
Baltimore	6	3	0	667
Chicago	5	3	1	.625
Green Bay	5	4	0	556
San Francisco	5	4	0	556
Detroit	4	5	0	444
Los Angeles	3	5	1	.375
Dallas	0	10	0	.000

AMERICAN FOOTBALL LEAGUE

TNE WEEK'S GAMES

	Pts.	Yds Rush	Yds Pass	Pass Comp.
Oilers vs	24	72	339	22–39
Patriots	10	—14	265	19–35
Titans vs	41	98	301	21–33
Texans	35	189	226	14–37
Broncos vs	38	56	328	19–41
Bills	38	205	167	10–24
Chargers vs.	52	232	207	13–24
Raiders	28	92	187	21–44

EASTERN OIVISION

	Won	Lost	Tied	Pct.
Houston	8	3	0	727
New York	5	6	0	.455
Boston	5	6	0	.455
Buffalo	4	6	1	.400

WESTERN OIVISION

	Won	Lost	Tied	Pct.
Los Angeles	7	4	0	.636
Oakland	5	6	0	.455
Dallas	5	6	0	.455
Denver	4	6	1	.400



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PART I

SAM SNEAD AND THE SERPENT

The serpent stands for trouble. At home in Virginia, it is the rattler or the copperhead that has pursued Sam since boyhood. To Sam the celebrity, the serpent represents a variety of other pests: elbow benders, people who blow smoke in his face, intruders who break in on him when he's watching a western. This is the first story about the true Sam, a wonder of an athlete and a wonder of a man, whose game keeps getting better

by GERALD HOLLAND



Lines from "The Gang that Sang 'Heart of My Heart,'" by Ben Ryan © 1926-© renewal 1954, quoted by permission of Robbins Music Corp., New York, N.Y.

Sam Snead groaned aloud: "There's too much of this runnin' around, Hollywood yesterday, Washington tomorrow, back to Hollywood next day. Man, I tell you, when I git enough money ahead, I'm goin' to take things easy. I won't even take a lick at a snake. Some ol' snake comes after me, I'm goin' to say, 'Git along there, snake! Go on now, don't bother me. Go chew on somebody else.' "

Now, in the Appalachian mountain country of Virginia where Sam Snead was born and raised, any man who lets a rattler or a copperhead slither by without taking a whack at it has definitely attained the height of laziness.

Sam Snead spoke of his long-range intentions toward snakes one recent evening in Boston. Sam was very weary at the time. But not too many evenings later, after flying to Hollywood and back and then taking the time to catch up on his sleep, he stood on a bandstand in White Sulphur Springs, W. Va., bright-eyed and bubbling over with high spirits as he happily sang:

"Heart of my heart,

"I love that melodee-e-e-e-e!"

"Sing it, Sambo!" cried the crowd on the dance floor at The Pines, a little nightclub near the celebrated Greenbrier, Sam's home course.

"Heart of my heart," bellowed Sam. "Brings back a memoree-e-e-e-e!"

"That's it, that's it, Sam!" shrilled Miss Ellie, a fine buxom hostess enjoying a night off from the plush Colonial Club down the line. "You're right on the beam!"

The bald-headed man on the bandstand, considered by many of his admirers to be the greatest golfer the professional game has ever known, threw back his head and roared on:

"When we were kids on the corner of the square . . . we were rough and ready guys . . . but Oh-H-H how we could *har-mon-ize!*"

"Let's hear that horn, Sam!"

Sam raised his trumpet to his lips and the Four Populaires (Bill Sloane at the piano, Bill Walz on the bass, Chuck Bills on the sax and Kenny Martin on the trombone) plus Freddie Leach at the vibraphone, Howard Harvey on the cornet and Gary Nixon on the clarinet all joined in. The Four Populaires entertain in the Old White Club at Greenbrier. Freddie Leach is with the Meyer Davis orchestra that plays in the Greenbrier's main dining room. Howard Harvey and his wife Betty dance as a team in the Old White Club and Gary Nixon is Sam Snead's assistant.

The hour was 2 a.m. Sam had retired early, but when the professional musicians were sitting around having coffee after their work was done about midnight, somebody suggested a jam session. It was then I remembered for the first time (I had been traveling around with him for almost a month) that Sam Snead played a trumpet and, moreover, he carried a union musician's card. I remarked that I'd give just about anything in this world to hear Sam Snead cut loose with a few wails on the horn.

"Well, shucks, man," exclaimed Bill Sloane, the piano player. "That's easy. Let's wake 'im up and go on down to The Pines."

"Oh, no sir!" I said, shaking my head emphatically. "I've come to know this man Snead over the past month. I've been with him in Boston, Providence, Washington, Rockville, Md., Hollywood, Calif., Hot Springs, Va., and right here in White Sulphur. And I tell you, boys, that man can get mighty peevish and downright mean and sassy when he is deprived of his proper rest."

Bill Sloane gave me a long look. "Mister," he said, "you may have been all those places and you may have observed Mr. Sam Snead in many different circumstances, but—"

I interrupted: "Including many hours on the golf course. I saw him play Arnold Palmer twice, and various other celebrities, big movie stars in Hollywood and so on, and he never shot out of the 60s once—not once! Palmer himself says Snead is playing better than he ever did. I attribute that to his getting his proper rest wherever possible—and I say to you, wake him up at this hour of the night and he'll give you a chewing out you won't forget for many a day."

Bill Sloane laughed in my face. He got up from the table in the Old White Club, went to a phone and was back in two minutes. He sat down with a big smirk on his face.

"Well?" I said. "Did he tell you off?"

"Mr. Samuel Jackson Snead," said Bill Sloane with great deliberation, "will meet us at The Pines in half an hour. What's more he's bringing Audrey—Mrs. Snead, that is—and he's putting in a call to Gary Nixon to hustle on down with his clarinet."

"You're kidding, Bill Sloane," I said sharply.

"No," said Bill Sloane seriously, "I'm telling you the absolute truth. I wouldn't call Sam Snead at this hour to tell him his house was on fire. But I know that Sam can't resist a jam session any hour of the day or night. He loves to play that old horn of his with a combo like ours."

"Is he any good?"

"Well," said Bill, "he's considerably better at golf, I must say. He can't improvise much, but he'll be in there

continued



His eyes squeezed shut, bald Sam Snead happily blows his own horn in nightclub jam session with combo of professional musicians.

blowing his brains out on the melody."

So there we were at The Pines on a little side road part way up the mountain, and the joint was truly jumping. No liquor is sold over the bar in West Virginia, so a man must bring his own bottle or carry a load acquired elsewhere. No one seemed to be feeling any pain. Actually, The Pines is a private club, but the membership rules are very relaxed. Almost any politely speaking man can qualify for membership upon payment of a modest initiation fee. As for Sam Snead, dry states don't bother him. He likes a bottle of beer after 18 holes and maybe another one (or a dry sherry) before bedtime, but he rarely drinks anything stronger. A daiquiri tempts him after a match on a hot day, but one is usually enough. Sam doesn't smoke at all and one sure way to rile him is to blow smoke in his face.

Up on the bandstand, it seemed that Slammin' Sam just couldn't get enough music out of his system and the crowd was jitterbugging and sashaying every which way. Miss Ellie, the fine buxom hostess from the Colonial Club, neatly executed a dos-à-dos with her partner, a fine buxom businessman from up North. Nobody had to call out requests for numbers—they kept coming that fast. With Sam blowing his horn loud and clear, his eyes squeezed tightly shut, the combo ran through *The Darktown Strutters' Ball*, *On the Sunny Side of the Street*, *Honeysuckle Rose*, *Goody! Goody!*, *Sweet Sue*, *You Always Hurt the One You Love* and Sam's personal favorite (at which he considers that he excels), *The Sheik of Araby*. During one of the numbers, Gary Nixon took his clarinet from his lips just long enough to yell in Sam's ear, "You're getting ahead of the combo, Sam!" Sam dropped his horn an instant and shouted back at Gary, "Well, tell 'em to catch the hell up!" Gary passed the word and everybody finished together in the big finale, *Basin Street*.

We all went back and sat down at the table—Sam and Audrey Snead, Gary Nixon, a few Greenbrier guests and the dancers Howard and Betty Harvey. Then, all of a sudden, waiters appeared bearing huge platters of fried chicken and French fries and salad, compliments of the club management in appreciation of Snead's guest appearance. Everybody pitched in, but when Sam held a chicken leg aloft and said sentimentally, "Just think, this li'l ol' chicken was runnin' across the road yesterday mornin'," Audrey Snead, a petite blonde, the mother of Sam's two sons, Jackie, 15, and Terry, 8, put down her piece of chicken and said she believed she'd rather have a hamburger. The waiters went scurrying for that, but Sam's kindly thought for the chickens didn't seem to bother anybody else. The platter was swiftly cleared. However, Audrey Snead had definitely lost her appetite for any kind of food and Sam had to finish her hamburger.

Sam was through playing for the night, but the combo drifted back to the bandstand and played a cha-cha for Howard and Betty Harvey. It was well past 3 a.m. now, but Sam (who had

nothing special on next day) was in no hurry. He had played 18 holes in the pro-am tournament at the Homestead's Cascades course at Hot Springs, Va. some hours before (his son Jackie had caddied for him), but his early evening nap had refreshed him. He had played in the pro-am mainly for sentimental reasons. Hot Springs is Sam's home town, and it was at the Cascades course that he got his first job in the early '30s. It was there, too, that Freddie Martin, the Greenbrier pro until he was promoted to golf club manager, spotted Sam and hired him at Greenbrier.

I slipped away from the table and went over and sat on a bar stool and looked back at Sam, sitting there bald as an onion and looking more like a well-to-do dentist than a great athlete. It's amazing what a hat does for 48-year-old Sam Snead; he wears one with more aplomb than any other man alive. The coconut straws with the loud bands are, of course, his trademark, and they take 10 years off his age. Felt hats are just as effective on him. He tried a toupee once and still has it, but he never wears it any more.

But you don't get the full effect of Sam Snead when he's sitting at a table (as he was now), wearing light slacks and a rather conservative sports jacket. You get the full effect when he's wearing his Sam Snead brand of short-sleeved sport shirt and Sam Snead brand of slacks and Sam Snead-endorsed hat; you get the effect best when he's on the tee and he draws that celebrated 25-year-old driver from his bag and tees up his ball, maybe speaking to it ("Now stay up there, you little fooler, this ain't goin' to hurt hardly at all"), and then, with one practice swing and a roguish, sidelong look at the gallery, he flexes the muscles of his Popeye-the-Sailor-Man forearms and unleashes that graceful, powerful classic swing that is one of the dozen or so great sporting visions of all time: the Sam Snead drive, long, straight and true or fading right or hooking left as he may want it to. It is a sight to make men gasp and women sway and grow faint.

Sam Snead drives caused one lady in a gallery at the Quidnessett course outside Providence, R.I. to exclaim as he accidentally brushed by her walking off

continued

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the tee: "I touched him, I touched him!" Another lady spectator at the Lakewood course in Rockville, Md. breathed as Sam hit an especially long one: "Oh, God love us!"

I sat there on the bar stool, and as the cha-cha by Howard and Betty Harvey concluded to wild applause, I could hear and see Sam Snead act out a story about stalking a certain turkey in the woods near his home. He impersonated the turkey as well as himself in the role of hunter. I'd heard the story (it was mainly a staring-down contest and the turkey had won) and so I let my mind wander back over my travels with Samuel Jackson Snead.

When I had mentioned to Bill Sloane, the piano player, that Sam Snead could be peevish, I wasn't stretching the truth a bit. I have never seen a man who can be quite so peevish and then (refreshed by eight hours' sleep) be so full of beans and good humor that he can't quite contain himself.

Sam was peevish when I first met him in Boston. He had come east from filming some of his *Celebrity Golf* television shows in Hollywood (he was commuting every week at the time) and the jet flight had not been too comfortable. The plane had set down in Baltimore and, for some mechanical reason, couldn't get going again. Arrival time at Logan International Airport in Boston was scheduled to be a little after 8 a.m. But the plane was more than four hours late.

Sam was fit to be tied. When he appeared in the exit door of the plane he had a black look about him. But by the time he had come down the steps and noticed the newspaper reporters and photographers, he squeezed out a smile. But he pointed to the big plane and said, "Don't let the name of this line get in the pictures. I don't want them to get any free advertisin'." It turned out that Sam hadn't slept a wink (or so he claimed) and the trip had taken almost 12 hours. Typical of Sam, he didn't hold the grudge long. He was flying the same line and joshing with the stewardesses a few weeks later.

But he *was* peevish, and he swore softly when Wally Wilson, the frenetic press agent for Country Club Developers, Inc. (which was sponsoring Sam's two exhibitions with Arnold Palmer over the weekend), said there would be a press luncheon almost immediately. Sam said he'd have to have a shower first, and that was the cue for Herb Alpert, the managing director of the Logan International Motel, to hustle up and inform Sam that he and Arnold Palmer (due to fly in later) were to share the Gold Key suite, a two-bedroom layout so lavish that a drill team from the *Ed Sullivan Show* could maneuver comfortably in the living room alone.

The shower refreshed Sam somewhat, and he was reasonably affable as the press luncheon got under way. He's good at remembering names, and this always makes a hit with the newspaper boys. I drew the seat directly across from Sam and, desperately searching for a topic of conversation, I said, "You must have enjoyed playing the Canada Cup matches in Ireland, Sam. I think it's a wonderful country." Without looking up from the menu Sam said, "Well, you can have it."

(Actually, from all accounts, Sam enjoyed Ireland, and the Irish dearly loved him. Galleries at the Portmarnock course outside Dublin more than once let the leading players tee off in actual competition and stayed behind to watch Sam hit a few practice shots.)

Sam ordered Yankee pot roast. When the waiter brought the order, Sam pushed the potatoes and peas aside. He's watching his waistline while he's making his television series. Somebody down the table asked a sensible question and Sam responded cordially. Then he looked at me and said, "I've got a headache and I'm sick to my stomach."

I don't know what came over me, but I blurted out, "Well, why don't you take some of that headache remedy you're advertising all over television? The announcer claims it goes after a headache five ways or more. Settles the stomach, calms jittery nerves. And you end up the commercial spiel by remarking to the announcer, 'You ain't just whistlin' Dixie!' Why don't you take some of that stuff?"

Sam looked sicker than before. "Maybe," he said bitingly, "I'll just go and do that."

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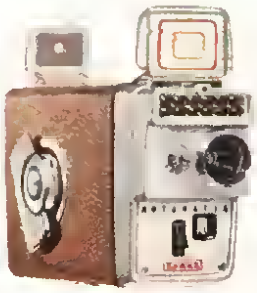
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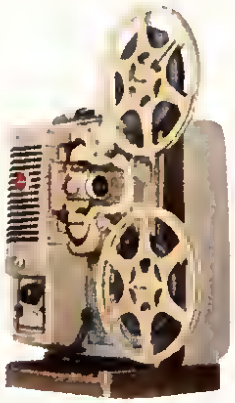


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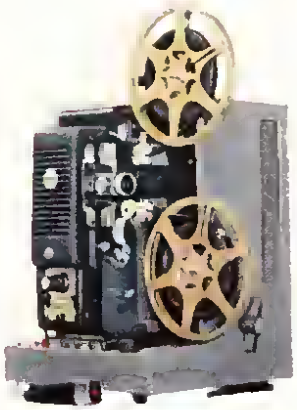


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Meanwhile, Wilson, the press agent, hadn't touched a bite of his lobster salad. He kept jumping up and down, running here and there, and then, when we were having coffee, he popped back in again and asked Sam if he'd pose for some pictures by the swimming pool.

Sam got real peevish. Pshaw, he said. What the pshaw was the idea of taking pictures every five minutes? Weren't there enough pshawin' pictures taken when he got off the plane? Oh, certainly, Wilson explained patiently, but what he needed to hit the big Boston and Providence papers was some human interest stuff, like Sam posing with that brunette in the bikini who could be seen clearly and in detail through the picture window. Sam peered out the window but didn't say anything, and Wally rushed on to spell out just how desperately he needed more publicity for the big exhibition with Arnold Palmer at Quidnessett the next day.



Suffering for his art, Snead yields to a press agent's plea and poses with Miss Ann Tallman, an airline stewardess.

Wilson put it up to Sam on the basis that he would not only be helping draw a big crowd to the match with Palmer, he might just incidentally be helping a young girl (she was presently an airline stewardess) to advance her career. It was obvious, even from our vantage point, that she was pretty enough, and everyone at the table agreed that the bikini did her no disservice. Wouldn't Sam please (Wilson implored) come out and pose for a gag shot, like maybe the girl making out that she was trying to drag him into the pool? Wally shot the works. "Sam," he cried, "this is the kind of stuff that might make the cover of LIFE magazine!"

Sam muttered a little and pushed his chair back from the table and put on *my* straw hat and walked out onto the terrace. I ran after him with *his* straw hat and told him he had made a mistake. He looked at my hat with marked distaste and passed it back to me without a word.

Wilson introduced the girl in the bikini as Miss Ann Tallman of Forest Hills, N.Y. She was giggling her head off and pretty soon she had Sam, sick headache and all, giggling right along. After the pictures, she scampered off, presumably —if she believed Wilson, the press agent —to mail off a subscription to LIFE magazine.

Then who should come hobbling out on the terrace but Sam's dear friend George Denton, the 70-year-old broker, walking with a cane since he had a heart attack, but hustling along like a kid to throw his arms out and grasp Sam in a bear hug and cry, "Sambo! Sambo! Why, you old son of a gun!"

"George, you look just real great!" exclaimed Sam. "How do you feel?"

"Just look at the weight I lost, Sambo," said George Denton, pulling his trousers a full six inches from his waistline. "I never felt better in my life. It may have been the best thing that ever happened to me. Doctor says if I take off a little more weight, I'll be better than ever."

"You will, too," said Sam. They kept pounding each other and laughing over old times.

George Denton is one of four members of a board of strategy that keeps Sam's financial affairs straight. Denton handles his stock investments. Fred Corcoran, vice-president of the International Golf Association, has been Sam's business manager since 1937 and arranges his highly lucrative advertising testimonials. Gary Nixon, Sam's assistant at Greenbrier and the Boca Raton Club in

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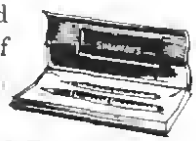
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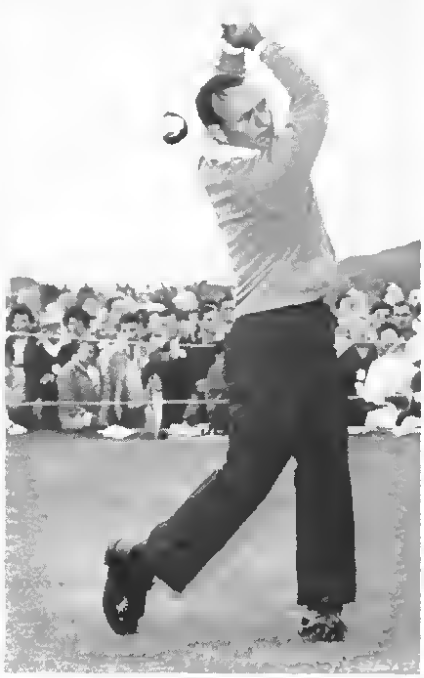
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Arnold Palmer, who holds U.S. Open title, drives as Snead watches in Canada

SAM SNEAD *continued*

Florida, is also a partner in the seven corporations Sam heads up. Sam's legal affairs are in the hands of Attorney Barney Barnett of Louisville, Ky. These four men help Sam run up an annual income that usually is near $150,000 a year and sometimes (according to educated guesses that will be detailed a little later) comes close to $200,000.

At poolside in Boston, George Denton, the stockbroker, immediately took charge. "You'll stay at my house tonight, Sambo." Sam said he'd been fixed up here at the motel, but George Denton said, "No, sir. Tomorrow night you can stay here, but you look tired and worn out and I'm going to see to it personally that you get a good night's sleep." Sam nodded: "Mighty nice of you, George."

As a result of George Denton's concern, Sam showed up at the Quidnessett Golf and Country Club looking like a new man. He played the par-72 course in 67, against Arnold Palmer's 68. He was at top form: he demonstrated some trick shots before the match, wisecracked all around the course and at the end he



Cup matches in Dublin, Ireland. Snead and Palmer won the Cup by 8 strokes.

made a sales pitch for new members. Country Club Developers, Inc. has a scale of memberships designed to bring country club golf within the reach of the corner grocer. Memberships start with a $300 initiation fee and a minimum monthly charge of $15, which can be drunk up or eaten up.

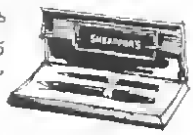
"You got a mighty nice course here," Sam told the gallery, "and it'll git better right along. Now I'll be your director of golf and you can count on me comin' back next spring sure. Now I believe the man settin' at the table under the tree over there has a few memberships left, so you better hurry on over before he runs out." And hurry on over they did after Sam had vanished into the clubhouse in search of a beer.

We all flew back to the airport motel at Boston in a chartered plane. It wasn't much to look at, it seemed to be held together with baling wire and bicycle-tire tape. Arnold Palmer had invited Sam to fly with him in the spanking-new twin-engine plane in which he is taking instruction. "I don't fly with learners," Sam said. "Thank you, Arnold." Generally speaking, flying on the

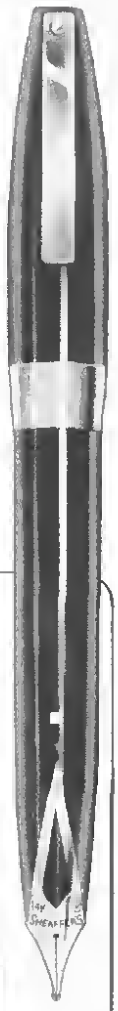
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FOR DESCRIPTIVE LITERATURE ON ALL MODELS WRITE TODAY TO: DEPARTMENT S-4

commercial lines doesn't make Sam nervous. But Fred Corcoran, his business manager, remembers his first flight, back in 1938. Bobby Jones had expressed a desire to play with young Snead and so Corcoran chartered a single-engined plane to make the trip from Greensboro, N.C. to Augusta. The plane was about to take off when Sam called out, "Hold everything here! I'm gittin' out. Just remembered I promised Mama I'd never go up in the air. Lemme out." It took all of Corcoran's persuasive powers to keep Sam in the plane. Finally Corcoran said: "If your mama had known Bobby Jones was going to invite you to play with him and the only way you could keep the date was to fly, she'd never object." That convinced Sam. He lay back in his seat, closed his eyes and kept them shut tight all the way to Augusta.

The old plane landed at Boston without incident. But then things began to crowd in on Sam again. A big cocktail party was announced for 7 p.m. The Logan Motel is the headquarters for airline stewardesses, and Wilson, the press agent, invited them en masse, along with all available local newspaper men. The Country Club Developers had a lot of their bright young salesmen on hand and the caterers had done a magnificent job on the great table of hors d'oeuvres. The bar was well stocked—until Sam looked things over and said: "Is this a party just for whisky drinkers?"

Waiters fell over themselves running out to get beer for Mr. Snead. Soon he was surrounded by young salesmen and pretty young airline stewardesses, and it must be said that Sam tried bravely to participate in the cocktail party small talk. At one point an airline stewardess stamped her foot and pouted archly: "Oh, you men! Just one thing on your mind!" Sam picked up a shrimp and murmured politely: "A man has three things on his mind, miss." He chewed his shrimp slowly and added: "Two of which ain't hardly worth mentionin'."

Finally, when it was getting on to 9 o'clock, Sam rebelled. He collared Gary Nixon and demanded to know when all this "elbow bendin' " was going to stop. "Have you tried the hors d'oeuvres, Sam?" asked Gary. "That stuff's for hawgs!" Sam roared. "I want some meat!"

Gary Nixon, a hard man to ruffle, said, "You go right up to the Gold Key suite, Sam. I'll hustle up a waiter this very minute and have him serve you the best steak in the house just the way you like it. There's color TV up there and you can catch a few westerns before you turn in."

Sam grumbled and went on upstairs. But he had hardly finished his steak when a whole crowd of the young people burst into his suite to see the finals of the Miss America contest on television. "Nobody touch that set," yelled Sam, "until I see how this western turns out!"

SAM finally got them out of there and turned in about 11. He had a big day to rest up for. The schedule called for him to fly by Northeast to Washington at 8 a.m., play Arnold Palmer at Rockville, Md. at 1 p.m., catch an American Airlines plane for Chicago at 7:10 p.m. and transfer to a Continental Golden Jet for Los Angeles at 10:45 p.m.—almost midnight by the time Sam's watch now showed in Boston.

The match at the Lakewood Country Club in Rockville, Md. had to be called at the 15th green because of heavy rain. Sam was two strokes up on Arnold. He had plenty of time to make his plane, but it wasn't until we were taking off from Chicago (in another thunderstorm) that I learned the full horror of Sam's last night in Boston.

"I was sound asleep," Sam said, almost tearful with self-pity. "Must have been about 3 o'clock in the mornin'. One of these young fellows from the cocktail party comes in, turns on the light and sets down on the other bed. He'd been elbow bendin' plenty. But that was all right. I asked him what he was bustin' into my room for. He said everybody had to double up because the motel was overcrowded and he'd decided to double up with me. I said, 'All right, then, but for Pete's sake, take the bed there and turn out the light.' He said he'd do that but he'd have a smoke first. And then he starts in, lightin' up one cigarette after another, blowin' smoke in my face, gassin' up the room, *gassin'* up the room until I couldn't breathe! Finally, I

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jumped up, tore the blanket off my bed and went out to the big livin' room there and slept on the floor. *Tried* to sleep on the floor. I hardly slept a wink."

"Sam, you must be completely beat."

"I am beat, beat bad," moaned Sam. "I took me a pill to get to sleep on."

I unbuckled my seat belt and got right up. "Well, lay back, Sam, and let it take hold. You got another big day doing the television films tomorrow."

Sam closed his eyes and lay back in his seat. "Too much," he said. "Too much runnin' around."

I went up forward to the lounge and got talking to Frank Rhodes, a Continental copilot who was deadheading it back west. After a while he invited me to go up to the flight deck to meet the captain. It was a beautiful starlit night and Echo went by as we soared over Nebraska. I told the crew about Sam Snead and they had all seen him play either in person or on television. They agreed he had a certain electric quality that only a handful of athletes have possessed: Ruth, Jones, Tilden, Dempsey, Cobb, Williams—those were the extra-specials who came to mind.

"Well," I said finally, "I guess old Sam is knocking it off good by now. I think I'll go get a little shuteye."

When I got back to the lounge, there was Sam, standing in the aisle in his stocking feet, looking as petulant as a boy who has been ordered to practice his piano lessons.

"My legs are jumpy," said Sam. "I can't sleep."

The pretty blonde stewardess shook her head in sympathy.

"I got a headache," said Sam. "My stomach's queasy."

"Would you like some aspirin, Mr. Snead?" asked the stewardess.

"O.K.," said Sam.

The girl opened a cabinet and took down the aspirin bottle. She gave Sam two tablets and started to pour some water into a paper cup.

"Got any of that free champagne you were passin' around before?" asked Sam.



A headful of hair, all his, gleams at camera as Snead lines up putt in 1937 tournament. Now bald on top, Sam has made a straw hat his trademark.

"Why, yes, of course, Mr. Snead." She got the bottle out and poured him a glass. He took the aspirin and sipped the champagne. "I doubt if it will do any good," he said.

"Mr. Snead!" the stewardess exclaimed. "I have an idea!"

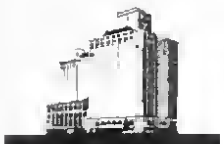
"What?" said Sam.

"The plane's not at all crowded. Suppose I take you back into the tourist section. I can take out the seat dividers and you can stretch out across three seats. I'll get you some blankets and pillows. It will be almost like a berth."

Sam looked at her and managed a wan smile. "Well," he said, "ain't you a nice little girl." He padded after her as she led the way to the tourist section.

Copilot Rhodes came back from the

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flight deck and sat down again. After a bit, the stewardess came back. She looked vaguely troubled.

"That poor Mr. Snead," she said "He must be awfully tired. He keeps talking about snakes."

Copilot Rhodes looked at me in alarm. "Is Snead a hard-drinking man?"

I had to laugh out loud. "No, no, no," I said. "He drinks very little. What he was saying was that some day he's going to take things so easy he won't even take a lick at a snake."

"Yes," said the stewardess, "that's what he said."

I explained what that meant in the mountain country of Virginia and West Virginia, and both the stewardess and the copilot seemed greatly relieved.

But Sam never did get to sleep. He tossed and turned all the way to Los Angeles and he moaned and groaned all during the long ride from the airport to the Hollywood Roosevelt Hotel. When we checked in, I calculated that Sam had been up close to 24 hours (not counting the sleep he lost at the Logan Motel in Boston) and had flown about 2,700 miles on three airlines and had played 15 holes of his match with Arnold Palmer. He might have spared himself a little by using a golf cart, but Sam won't ever use a cart during an exhibition. "Wouldn't look right," he says, "for me to be ridin' while people who paid $5 to watch are walkin'."

As I watched the bellboy, loaded down with Sam's luggage and his golf bag, lead him away, the horrible thought struck me that perhaps, at last, this was the end of the trail for Ol' Slammin' Sam. He was due to face the cameras at the Lakeside Golf Club in a few hours, and remembering the hectic pace of the past 24, I just didn't see how he could possibly make it. I didn't know Sam.

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

Sam Snead in Hollywood . . . What a full night's rest can do for him . . . Recipe for fried squirrel . . . And an old pro's prediction that Sam will win the U.S. Open

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BASEBALL—The AMERICAN LEAGUE temporarily shelved its plan for expanding into Walter O'Malley's Los Angeles territory, offered instead a compromise proposal calling for immediate expansion by both leagues to nine teams, with an interleague schedule next season that would have every AL team meet every NL team six times (for 54 games), as well as each club meeting the others in its own league 14 times (for 112 games). American League President Joe Cronin announced that if the National League accepted the proposal before the interleague meeting next week in St Louis his league would drop its plans to move into California next season. Most National League sentiment, however, was against the proposal.

New Yankee General Manager Roy Hamey, in what he called a new Yankee *policy* aimed at *full*-scale bonus-baby competition with other clubs, signed HOWARD KITT, an 18-year-old Columbia University engineering student from Oceanside, N Y. The Yankees paid one of their largest bonuses ever, believed to be in the neighborhood of $65,000. Kitt had a high school pitching record of 40 victories and one defeat.

The Minneapolis-St Paul major league team, recently shifted from Washington, will be known as the MINNESOTA TWINS.

BASKETBALL—BOSTON CELTICS moved into first place in the Eastern Division with a 122–105 victory over New York, increased their lead when they moved on to Philly and beat the Warriors 132–129. They finished the week with another victory over New York and one over Syracuse, to make it seven straight. ST. LOUIS held first place in the Western Division.

In the NIBL, the NEW YORK TUCK TAPERS took on dark horse status with a 2–2 record and a 102–95 victory over the Bartlesville Phillips 66ers, the defending champions. ADRIAN SMITH, former Olympian and guard for the Akron Goodyears, leads the league in scoring with 83 points in three games.

BICYCLE RACING—TED SMITH of Buffalo, a 1948 Olympian, won the season-long U S. Senior Men's all-round title by nine points over Bob Tetzlaff of the U S. Army, a 1960 Olympian.

BOATING—LOWELL NORTH of Mission Bay, Calif. won the world Star-class sailing championship for the second straight year, at Rio de Janeiro. In five races, North had three firsts, a fifth and a ninth, for a total of 218 points. Runner-up: Don K. Elder of Newport Harbor, Calif. with 216.

BOWLING—DAVE SOUTAR of Detroit rolled 1,276 in five games to break the world record of 1,274 set last year, at Detroit.

JIM HARTLEY of Costa Mesa, Calif. claimed a U S. marathon record after bowling 1,042 games in 18⅓ hours. Hartley allowed himself an hour shower break every morning, a half-hour rest every two hours.

BOXING—DR. EDITH SUMMERSKILL of England, longtime opponent of boxing, author of *The Ignoble Art*, and Laborite Member of Parliament, announced she would introduce a bill banning the sport, after Fighter Bobby Neill, KO'd by Terry Spinks in the 14th round of a bout for the British featherweight title, underwent an emergency operation to remove a blood clot from the brain.

MIKE DE JOHN, bleeding from numerous cuts, released a sudden barrage of blows in the 9th round that KO'd Billy Hunter in a heavyweight bout at Madison Square Garden.

CHIC CALDERWOOD, British light-heavyweight champion, suffered a broken nose in the 5th round of a nontitle bout against Chicago's Sonny Ray, gamely fought on to win on points, at Wembley, England.

CROSS-COUNTRY—AL LAWRENCE led Houston to the NCAA championship at East Lansing, Mich., *set a course record in defending his individual* title (*see page 25*). Lawrence, from Sydney, Australia, ran the 4-mile course in 19:28.2, was followed 75 yards later by teammate John Macy. Three days later at Louisville, Lawrence won the National AAU championship, ran the 6¼-mile distance in 31:20.8. Runner-up: Fred Norris of Lancashire, England and Lake Charles, La. Team champion was also Houston, beating out the New York AC.

BOB PEET of Alabama won the Southeastern Conference title at Atlanta, covered the 4 4-mile distance in 21:09.6. Mississippi State took the team championship with 38 points to second-place Alabama, with 52.

JOE THOMAS of Southern Illinois University won the NAIA title at Omaha, covered the 4-mile race in 20:39, also led his school to the team title with a low score of 37 points.

FIELD TRIAL—DOLOBRAN'S SMOKE TAIL, a 9-year-old Labrador owned and handled by Richard H. Hecker of Tucson, Ariz., won the National Retriever Trials at Weldon Spring, Mo. (*see page 56*). Hecker, a lawyer, was the first amateur handler ever to win the trials.

FOOTBALL—The OTTAWA ROUGH RIDERS defeated the Edmonton Eskimos 16–6 in a slightly abbreviated Grey Cup championship at Vancouver, B C. With five minutes of play left, fans began crowding into the Eskimo end zone. With 41 seconds left, they charged onto the field, swamping policemen who had brought dogs in case of trouble. A daring youngster picked up the ball and ran away. Others ripped down the crossbar of the goal posts. After a huddle the officials called the game. It was the second time in four years the Grey Cup was not completed.

GOLF—ARNOLD PALMER of Ligonier, Pa. won the $15,000 Mobile (Ala.) Open with 274 for 72 holes. Runner-up: Johnny Pott of Shreveport, La., with 276. Palmer's $2,000 first-place purse gave him $73,716 for the year, a new record for the pro circuit.

HOCKEY—DETROIT beat league-leading Montreal 3–1 before the largest crowd (15,859) ever to attend a home game in Detroit and moved into first place in the NHL (*see page 53*). While Detroit was outplayed most of the game, Red Wing Goalie Hank Bassen held Montreal with 25 difficult saves. Dickie Moore made the only Canadien goal, put away his 20th of the season. At that rate he will better Maurice Richard's season record of 50 goals set during the 1944–1945 season. DETROIT first, MONTREAL second, CHICAGO third in NHL standings.

HORSE RACING—NICKEL BOY ($9.70), profiting by a slipped saddle on Don Poggio, galloped off with the $55,900 Display Handicap at Aqueduct by 10 lengths over Manassa Mauler. Don Poggio, leading as he passed the stands the first time in the two-mile race, suddenly bore out (carrying Manassa Mauler with him) as his saddle slipped up on his neck. Jockey Sam Boulmetis, at first unable to control the horse, eased him up on the outside and out of the race. Nickel Boy with Manuel Ycaza up, covered the distance in 3:21 1/5.

PRIMONETTA ($4), leading all the way, easily won the $37,280 Marguerite Stakes at Pimlico by five lengths over Plum Cake. With Bill Hartack up, she covered the 1 1/16 miles in 1:46 2/5, became the first daughter of 1955 Kentucky Derby winner Swaps to win a stakes race.

CLEAR ROAD ($52.30), under the furious urging of Ray York, took the $28,400 Firenze Handicap at Aqueduct by a nose over Soldadesca. The filly covered the mile in 1:36 2/5.

KELSO, gelded son of Your Host-Maid of Flight, by Count Fleet, was named 1960 Horse of the Year, as well as the best 3-year-old, in the annual *Morning Telegraph* and *Daily Racing Form* poll. The Bohemia Stable's gelding won eight of his nine races this season, taking his last six stakes in a row, earned $293,310.

SOCCER—ST. LOUIS UNIVERSITY, in a fast-moving game, defeated University of Maryland 3–2 to win the NCAA championship for the second year, at New York (*see page 20*). St. Louis beat West Chester (Pa.) State 2–1, and Maryland beat Connecticut 4–0 to reach the finals.

ELIZABETHTOWN (PA.) COLLEGE and NEWARK (N.J.) COLLEGE OF ENGINEERING were declared NAIA cochampions when darkness halted their game with the score 2–2, at Slippery Rock, Pa.

TENNIS—ARTHUR ASHE JR. of St. Louis won the National Junior Indoor Championship at St. Louis with a four-hour 10-minute 6–4, 16–14, 9–11, 3–6, 6–1 victory over Frank Froehling of San Antonio. Ashe is the first Negro to win the indoor championship.

MILEPOSTS—ELECTED: JOHNNY LOFTUS, rider of the first triple-crown winner, to the Jockey Club Hall of Fame at Pimlico. In 1919 Loftus rode Sir Barton to victories in the Kentucky Derby, Preakness and Belmont Stakes.

RESIGNED: DEWITT WEAVER, head coach and athletic director at Texas Tech, to enter *private business in Mobile*, Ala.

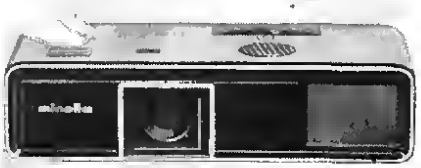
ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

4—Wahar Sanders LIFE 9—sketch by Bill Chormoiz 11—Michael Ciptiani Yonkers Raceway, Nyla Leotham Arizona Republic 18—Hy Peskin 19—Art Rickerby Fix. 53—Hy Peskin 56, 59—Lee Balterman, 62—Herb Scharfman 65—left, M. E. Warren, 70, 71—Tony Triolo 78—George Silk LIFE 80—Club Photos 85—George Dixon Boston Herald Traveler, 86, 87—U.P.I., 91—A.P. 96—Harry Redl

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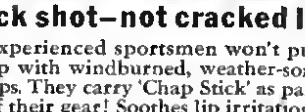


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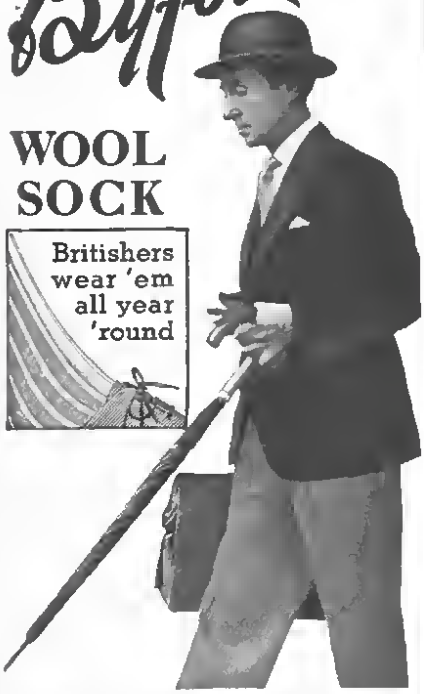




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19TH HOLE THE READERS

FROG PONDS

Sirs:

At last, the "biggest frog" (Ohio University) in that "small pond" (the Mid-American Conference) has croaked loud enough for you to hear him (*Biggest Frog in the Small Pond*, Nov. 21). Your fine story was most timely for all "small" colleges similar to "little Ohio University."

FRED F. YOOER

Evanston, Ill.

Sirs:

Miami University, though not in first place right now, is and always has been the team to beat in the Mid-American Conference.

It is also true that the famous coaching names you mention, such as Weeb Ewbank, Red Blaik, Paul Dietzel, Ara Parseghian and Woody Hayes, all came from the Mid-American. They all came from Miami. And you forgot one, Paul Brown.

ROBERT KURZ
JOHN BRICKELS

Oxford, Ohio

IRONY

Sirs:

In describing his shot to the green on the 17th hole, the famous Road Hole at St. Andrews, in the 1930 British Amateur, Bobby Jones states that he used a four-iron (*A Life with Golf*, Nov. 7 & 14). I don't believe that irons were numbered at that time, and my guess is that Bobby actually played a midiron.

NORMAN O. SEAGRAM

Toronto, Ont.

● "I had a one-, two-, three-, four- and five-iron, each numbered," recalls Author Jones of the Road Hole, "besides my own special 1½-iron, a mashie-iron, spade-mashie, mashie-niblick, niblick and driving mashie. A. G. Spalding had brought out the first commercially numbered matched set of clubs in 1925, five years before this."—ED.

Sirs:

I am interested in almost every sport in the book except golf. But a fellow does not have to enjoy golf at all to get a thrill out of Author Bobby Jones.

MILES O. KING

Ashland, Ohio

IVIED WALLS

Sirs:

As a Princetonian I thoroughly resented the article entitled *A Murder for Mother* (Nov. 21). The statistics indicate that Princeton did far better than you reported. And as for the parties, they were just plain weary and dull. If Yales want to see some real parties, they ought to come down to Princeton for a weekend.

LINCOLN CHEN

Princeton, N.J.

Sirs:

It was hardly a contest? Give us the facts: First downs, Yale 20, Princeton 20; yards rushing, Yale 251, Princeton 292; yards passing, Yale 167, Princeton 94; fumbles, Yale 1, Princeton 4. Yale turned three of these fumbles into TDs, the only big difference in this game.

BENJAMIN A. HOOVER

Philadelphia

Sirs:

Ivy League clothes are the greatest, but their football—let's get serious.

JON A. BERGSTROM
JAMES W. LONDERHOLM
P. T. BELLOS

Kansas City, Mo.

Sirs:

If your self-professed experts would spend less time attending Saturday afternoon Ivy League parties and watch Big Ten football, you might learn what football is and how it should be played.

TOM KENEFICK JR.

Eagle Grove, Iowa

Sirs:

I think it worthy of note that in addition to the football team's victory Mother Yale rendered the Princeton Tiger completely toothless by winning the jayvee and freshman football games (the freshman by 40–14, their largest score since World War II), the freshman and varsity soccer games, the varsity Rugby game and the varsity debate. And the Yale Whiffenpoofs trounced the Princeton Nassoons in a touch football game to make it an 8–0 clean sweep for the Elis.

ALEX DOYLE

Baltimore

Sirs:

It is very amusing to see readers of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED claiming college football supremacy for teams from Iowa, Missouri, Mississippi, New Mexico and Ohio.

Obviously, the best team in the nation is Yale.

MITCHELL KELLER

Rowayton, Conn.

SOUTH BAY DIPLOMACY

YOUR EDITORIAL (Volley of Indifference Nov 11) EXPRESSES ACCURATELY THE HORRIBLE MISMANAGEMENT OF U S ATHLETES AS THEY ATTEMPT TO COMPETE IN INTERNATIONAL MEETS

IN HERMOSA BEACH WE TRIED TO DO SOMETHING

TAKE OVER

ABOUT THIS PROBLEM HERMOSA IS THE CENTER OF THE FINE SOUTH BAY BEACH AREA A REAL SEEDBED OF FINE VOLLEYBALL PLAYERS IN THE U S TWO MEMBERS OF THE U S TEAM COME FROM HERE

WE FELT STRONGLY THAT THE U S SHOULO BE REPRESENTED BY OUR TOP PLAYERS ANO THAT LOCAL COMMUNITY SUPPORT WAS OEMANOEO IF LOCAL RESPONSIBILITY WAS TO BE MORE THAN LIP SERVICE TO AN IOEAL EVEN WITH EVERYONE PITCHING IN WE KNEW THAT WE WERE OOING TOO LITTLE TOO LATE BUT WE WERE ONE OF THE FEW COMMUNITIES DOING ANYTHING AT ALL WE KNEW THAT EVEN WITH OUR HELP MIKE BRIGHT A REAL COMER WAS GOING TO BE FINANCIALLY STRAPPEO BY THE TRIP WE KNEW HE WAS EXHAUSTEO FROM TRYING TO WORK ITWO JOBS TO SUPPORT HIS YOUNG FAMILY ANO TO TRAIN AT THE SAME TIME

THERE IS SOME SMALL MEASURE OF SATISFACTION IN KNOWING THAT WE PLACED HIGHER AT BUENOS AIRES THAN IN 1956 AT PARIS I KNOW THAT WITH PROPER TRAINING THE SOUTH BAY CAN PRODUCE WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP TEAMS I KNOW THAT MEN S VOLLEYBALL GOES ON THE OLYMPIC SCHEDULE IN 1964 AND THAT TIME IS RUNNING OUT

IN HERMOSA BEACH WE TRIEO HARO YOUR EDITORIAL MIGHT BE FOOTNOTEO TO THAT EFFECT THERE WERE SOME PEOPLE WHO CAREO ENOUGH TO CONTRIBUTE TIME AND MONEY I AM PROUO OF THEM I HOPE SPORTS ILLUSTRATEO IS PROUO OF THEM TOO

JACK T SELASCO, COUNCILMAN
HERMOSA BEACH, CALIF

TARNISHED GOLD

Sirs:

The living room critic responsible for "Destruction Derby" (SCORECARD, Nov. 20) is certainly unwanted in the grand fraternity of hydroplane racing devotees. In fact, several thousand fans cared enough about the 1960 Gold Cup to spend the race week nights camped adjacent to the pit area. And this with the attractions of nearby Las Vegas.

When at least 200,000 Americans in Seattle alone remain in a fanatical frenzy over the sport through six months of every year, it is evident to me that there will be many more Gold and Governor's cups and Harmsworth trophies awarded.

JOHN L. HARPER

Lincoln, Neb.

Sirs:

To say that "the mere exhilarating chop that prevailed was a caldron of danger for the utterly unseaworthy hydros" is a gross misstatement.

The unlimited hydros are not the frail creatures described by your writer. I have watched the unlimiteds race in rough water at speeds that would destroy conventional craft if they could travel as fast.

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HARRY A. LUND

Oshkosh, Wis.



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PAT ON THE BACK



LUCY FOMENKO

Swim team suffragette

Lithe, lissome Lucy Fomenko, 18, is hardly the Amelia Bloomer type, but she nonetheless has managed to strike a blow for equality between the sexes. A coed at Henry Ford Community College in Dearborn, Mich., Lucy was spotted diving for fun one day by Ford's Swim Coach John O'Hara, who promptly urged her to try out for the swimming team. "She was better than any diver I had," he explains, adding only if pressed that his team was an all-male outfit. Lucy accepted the challenge, and eventually found herself in her first dual meet—competing against men from another school. "I did feel funny," she concedes, "walking onto the board in front of all those boys." But she took first place.

As Lucy's diving successes continued, other Henry Ford coeds clamored to join the team. And Coach O'Hara, the man who started it all, proceeded to get alarmed. "It was a ticklish situation," he says. "We never really knew when the girls were coming into the pool." Reluctantly, therefore, Coach O'Hara assented when the college decided to bar women from men's competition. Expelled from the men's squad, Lucy is now campaigning for Henry Ford to start a women's team.







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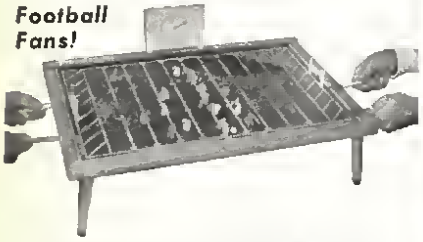
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POINT OF FACT

A football quiz to test the ingenuity and add to the knowledge of both the casual fan and the armchair expert

? *As the ball carrier cuts around end he stumbles, touches the turf on the 20-yard line with one hand, regains his balance and continues to the 30. At the 30 he is hit by a tackler and knocked to his knees, only to rise again and keep running until brought down on the 40. Where should the ball be declared dead?*

• It is permissible for the hands to be in contact with the ground, but when any other portion of the body touches, play ceases. In this instance, play would terminate at the 30-yard line, where the runner's knees touched. Professional rules, however, permit the ball carrier to continue running unless a defensive player has made contact with him.

? *Is there any difference in the number of free time-outs allotted in college and professional football?*

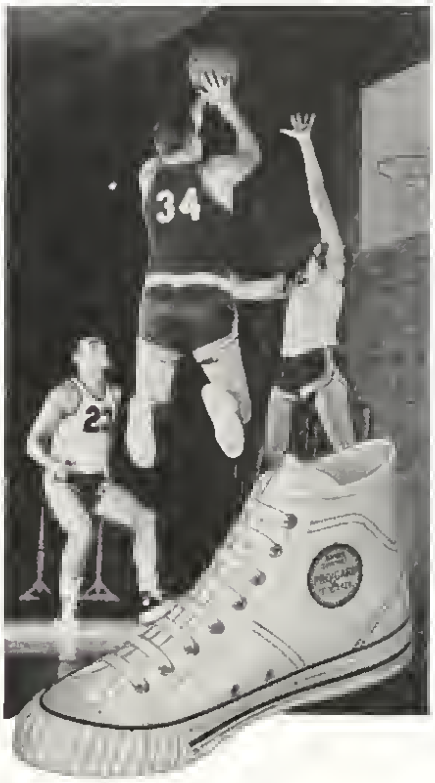
• Yes. College teams are allowed five a half, professionals just three.

? *What should the rulings be in these closely related cases?: Team A's fullback fumbles, and the ball is recovered in the opponent's end zone by 1) a player from Team B, 2) a teammate or 3) a player from Team B who tries to run with ball but is tackled before he can get out of the end zone.*

• 1) Touchback. 2) Touchdown. 3) Safety.

? *What are the major differences between the T formation and the split-T?*

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• Linemen in the split-T are spaced farther apart than in the T, creating wider avenues for the runners. Blocking, because of the wider line spacing, is simpler. Linemen must merely keep open for the runners the holes that already exist. The T quarterback, after taking the snap from center, spins around to pitch out, hand off or drop back to pass. The quarterback in the split-T, by contrast, slides along behind his linemen, trying to force his opponents to commit themselves before exercising his options. The split-T is a more volatile offense than the T, and its trademarks include the pass-run option, running pitchouts and running passes.

? *Opposing clubs are not allowed to wear the same color jerseys. Which team would be obliged to change if both intended to wear the same color?*

• The visiting team would be required to change.

? *At the bottom of a stack of players are two who are in primary contention for possession of the ball. One player from the offensive squad is lying on top of the ball, which is clutched by a defensive player who has both hands on it. Who would be awarded possession?*

• Possession is generally interpreted to mean that a player has such control of the ball that he would be able to pass, kick or run with it. In cases of doubt such as this, the official will usually favor the man who has his hands on the ball. A lot would depend on the action just prior to the ball being declared dead. If the ball was dead before the defensive player got his hands on it he would not be awarded possession.

? *A pass is caught by both a defensive player and an eligible receiver from the offensive club. Is it an interception or a completion?*

• The ball becomes dead when caught simultaneously, but it would be ruled a completed pass for the offensive side.

? *What are the differences between a flat pass and a safety-valve pass?*

• A flat pass is a short forward pass, generally thrown to a receiver who has not gone deep but who usually is near the sideline. This play is of special value when a team is trying to conserve time, for the receiver often can step out of bounds and stop the clock. The safety-

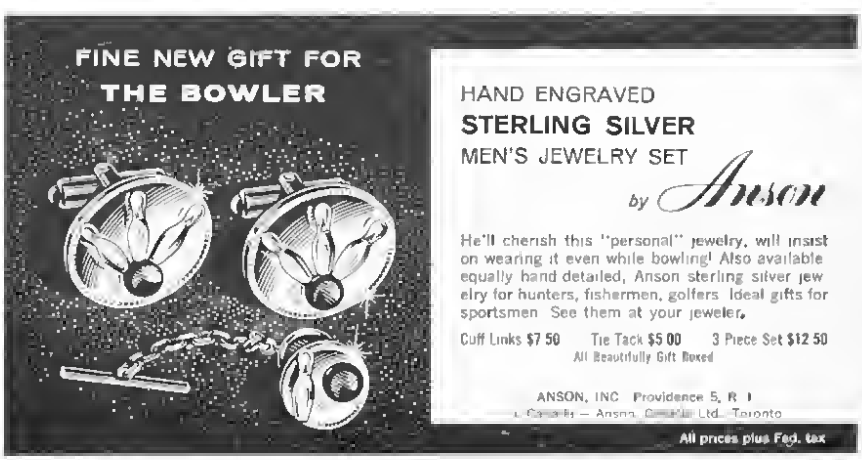
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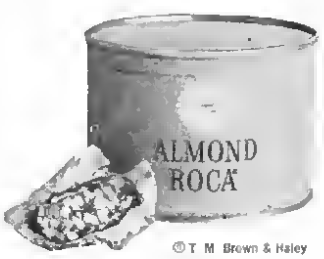
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POINT OF FACT *continued*

valve pass is an alternative outlet for a passer in danger of being thrown for a loss. To avoid this loss he will throw to a receiver stationed just behind or across the line.

? *What is a diamond defense?*

• It is labeled as a 7–1–2–1 alignment, with seven men on the line. The diamond refers to the positioning of the four men behind the line. The linebacker, who plays close to the line, and the safety, who is stationed deep, are in line with each other at the north and south extremities of the diamond. Forming the two other points are the halfbacks, who are flanked to the sides midway between the linebacker and safety. The diamond defense is effective against running plays, slightly vulnerable to quick passes.

? *The captain of the defensive team notices that the offensive guards have locked legs with their center. Should he notify an official?*

• No. It is legal for these players to lock legs, although this privilege is not extended to other offensive linemen.

? *Under what circumstances can a man who has signaled for a fair catch legally run with the ball?*

• He would be permitted to run with the ball if it 1) touched the ground before reaching him or 2) touched an opponent first.

? *In the final seconds of the game Team B leads 3–0. On the final play Team A's quarterback tries to sneak over for the touchdown, is apparently halted just short of the end zone, but then—with the help of a shove by his fullback—manages to cross the goal line. Who won?*

• Team B would be the winner, for the fullback's action would constitute illegal use of the hands and the penalty would nullify the apparent touchdown.

? *What is a bootleg?*

• This is a bit of trickery used by the quarterback. He will first fake a hand-off or pitchout and then carry the ball himself, clutching it in one hand and hiding it behind the side of his body away from the line.

—HERMAN WEISKOPF



Photographs by Wil Blanche

The Pursuit at Pascack

This New Jersey high school is all out for excellence and a chance to improve its football coach's incredible record

by ROGER WILLIAMS

PASCACK VALLEY Regional High School in northern New Jersey is one of those curious phenomena of sprawling suburbia—the high school without a town. Four communities have a hand in Pascack Valley—Hillsdale, Woodcliff Lake, Montvale and Rivervale; they banded together in 1955 to build a high school of their own. This produced some problems of divided loyalties, but most of all, says Superintendent James McNeil, it produced "a pursuit of excellence."

"We were starting a completely new high school," McNeil said the other day, "so we had no tradition of mediocrity, no outdated mores to uphold. The parents wanted excellence, and they were willing to pay for it."

One of the teachers they paid for was Joe Talamo *(above)*, a graying, forthright football coach who has pursued excellence with astonishing results. Now in his fourth season as Pascack coach (he is also the school's athletic director), Talamo has won 32 games, lost one, tied two. The single loss came on Thanksgiving Day 1958, when one star back left the game with injuries, and another was banished for fighting. In track, which he coaches in the nonfootball season, Talamo has a record of 43 won, 3 lost, including 27 straight dual-meet victories. Before coming to Pascack, he coached freshman and junior varsity teams at Memorial High School, West New York, N.J. His lifetime football record ("this is gonna shock you"): 147 wins, 3 losses, 2 ties.

McNeil and Talamo toss around words like excellence and character as if they were the special property of Pascack Valley Regional. According to McNeil, "The spirit of excellence permeates the whole school. A winning football team? Certainly, we're proud of it, but no more than we're proud of our math courses and our science program. Our students can get into any college. Why, last year we had a boy turn down Princeton to go to Stanford. Our goal is to do everything to the very best of our ability. That is our constant pursuit of excellence.

"In athletics, as in everything else, we aim for participation," said McNeil. "Our track team last year had 125 boys. They called us the Green Wave and said we were trying to overwhelm them with numbers. But it's important for a boy to play his role as a male, to put on his track suit as a member of a team. That's his status symbol, you know."

On the way to the coach's office, I glanced around the halls, furtively searching for someone who was doing something other than pursuing excellence. The students seemed caught up in routine school tasks—opening lockers, talking and laughing, fidgeting in class as teacher talked.

Coach Talamo leaned on the edge of his desk and said: "Plays don't win this game. I don't do anything different—no laterals, no tricky stuff, just dives and off-tackle plays. You know we didn't even complete a pass in our first four games? That's right. You've just got to live this game. You've got to have real teamwork, not just play together. It's a matter of character. That's what we've got

continued



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PURSUIT AT PASCACK *continued*

—no more talent, no more plays, no more coaching ability than anyone else. Just more character."

The development of character at Pascack is not left to chance. Each position on the team (left end, left tackle, etc.) has a senior "big brother." He is actually assistant coach, player and wet nurse rolled into one. "The big brother helps his guys with their plays, their homework and even gets them dates," Talamo explained. The coach lets his senior lettermen write the squad's training rules: " 'You make 'em, you abide by 'em,' I tell my kids, and the rules come out twice as strict as I would've made 'em. And now the parents don't complain that we're being too strict."

The rules for 1960 list five "purposes." The first two are to "develop an outstanding team," and "to develop tremendous team morale and cooperation." All told, there are 14 rules, including:

Off the streets and in your home at 9:30 p.m. and in bed at 10:30 p.m.

No one permitted to go out on a night before a game.

Mandatory crew cuts.

No eating after school dismissal.

Dating only on Saturday nights or on Sunday afternoons.

No profanity.

These strictures, together with customary warnings against drinking and smoking, provide a built-in code of moral behavior. Talamo tried to interfere with the student code just once—a bed-check rule in 1958. "I

called their houses the night before games to check up on 'em. But one of the boys came to me and said, 'Coach, you've gone with us this far. Why do this now?' He was right and I stopped. I was ashamed of myself. Now the boys take an oath among themselves before each game that they'll obey the rules. I threaten 'em with bed check once in a while but it's only a threat."

Since the defeat two years ago, Talamo has had a special phobia against loss of temper. The second-stringers have instructions to punch the regulars now and again during scrimmage, just to test their reactions. Anyone who flares up gets at least a tongue lashing, maybe even dismissal from the squad. "I tell 'em to forget about punching back, to fight back by scoring touchdowns."

Talamo says his coaching is based mostly on psychology. "Everything goes back to character," he says. "If you can build that, you don't need any fancy plays. Of course we coach to win, but we're doing more than winning at football. We're building principles of citizenship." Talamo's psychological treatment includes a hefty serving of sentiment. "I'm a tearjerker from way back," he admits. His gooiest concoction is the senior farewell. One afternoon before the final game of the season the varsity (about 33 boys) gathers in a large circle on the field. One at a time, the seniors shake hands with each member of the squad, then take solo laps around the track as everyone watches. "It's one big bawling session," says Talamo cheerfully. "The seniors are crying by the time they shake the fourth hand. The coaches all cry too. They just can't help it. I never hold back my emotions anyway, not even in front of the kids. I cry when I'm really sad."

Halfway through the Riverdell game this season, Talamo really was sad. Pascack was losing 13-7, and he was fresh out of inspirational words. "Finally I said, 'What do you guys *want* from me anyhow?" Then I started to cry and walked out. The kids went out and got two touchdowns, and we won the game."

Will Talamo cry when he loses another game? "Nope. When we lose the kids think I'm gonna kill 'em. But I'm not. I'm gonna shake every one of their hands and tell 'em, 'Boys,

continued



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FINGER-SHAKING TALAMO TAKES TIME OUT TO BERATE PLAYER FOR PRACTICE ERROR

PURSUIT AT PASCACK *continued*

that's life.' And I'll be smiling, too."

At half time, Talamo says, he makes no adjustments in offense or defense. "It makes no difference if we're winning or losing. I've done all the coaching I can during the week. In the few minutes I got I don't fool with trick plays. I get busy on their character."

For all his emphasis on character, Talamo puts plenty of work into the game itself. He is a shrewd tactician who calls all the team's plays and relies heavily on spotting opposing weakness.

Pascack often makes no attempt to return opposing punts. "We just let 'em go over our heads and roll dead," Talamo says. This also stems from the 1958 defeat, when two fumbled punts contributed to enemy touchdowns. "All the coaches want to beat me real bad, and they'll do anything unorthodox. So I have to play a standard defense and watch out for the fourth-down pass or run. Anyway, all we want is to get hold of the ball. We can score from anywhere on the field."

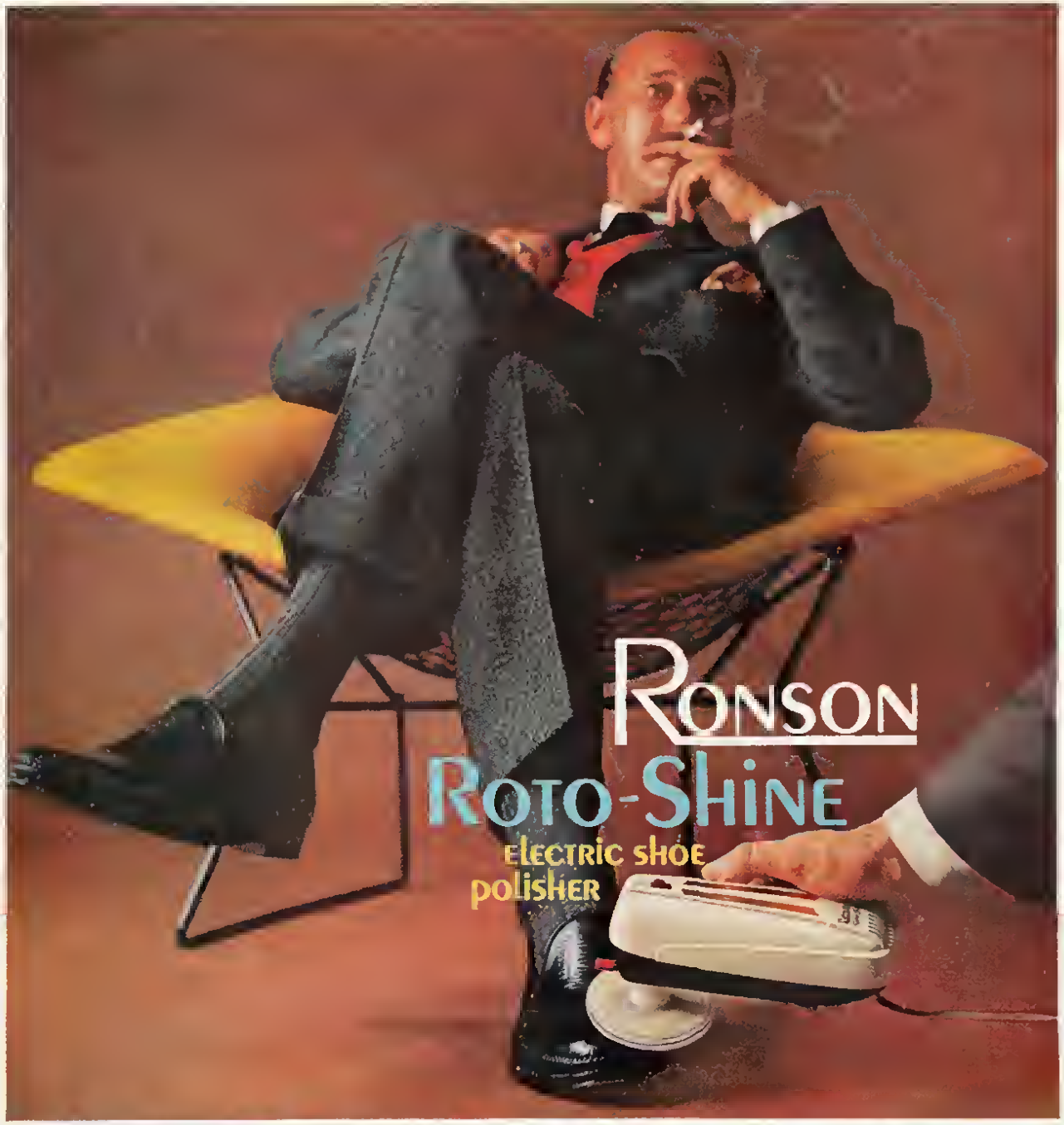
Statistics fully support this claim. In its first five games this season the team scored 196 points for the highest per-game high school average in New Jersey. In 1959 it was No. 1 offensively and No. 2 defensively in the state.

Early each week, Talamo and his four assistants look over game movies and draw up detailed breakdowns, which comment on individual performances on every offensive play. "Laakso," one will read, "hit man in left gap instead of going downfield. . . . Reisman—do not throw cross-body block on linebackers. . . . Pelsang—you are running hard now. Is it because you are carrying the ball?"

The movie breakdowns are copied and passed around the squad. They are studied religiously and sometimes with direct results. Before the Ramsey game last month, Talamo stepped into the locker room to pep up team spirit and character. "What did I see? Ralph Rush, my halfback, was reading off everybody's mistakes from the last breakdown. The kids were just sitting there listening and getting madder and madder at themselves. What could I add to that? I turned around and walked out of the locker room without saying a word." Pascack won 73–0.

On the practice field Talamo is a shouter. He berates his players, together and individually, and sends them to the sidelines for the slightest infraction. But he softens his harsh demands with carefully chosen psychological sweeteners. "Do you know who you're playing Saturday?" he yelled before the Mahwah game. "A team with a ve-ry high rating. The fellas who pick the all-state teams are gonna be here too. So you got your chance to look real good."

The boys themselves reflect their coach's outlook. They play good, hard-hitting football, and they keep their mouths shut. There is no horsing around and little talk during practice. They are clearly in pursuit of excellence. **END**



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